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JAMES LOCK. NICK BOOTH.
REG REGLER.
MATT JONES.
CATRIONA HEATON.
CHRIS PRITCHARD.
JUSTIN SALOMONE.

LEAD CONTRIBUTORS.

JOANNA SUTHERLAND.
ERIK PETERSEN
CASSIE KILL.
M.D.HUDSON.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

NICK DEL'NERO.
JOANNA SUTHERLAND.
BENEDICT EVANS.

CONTRIBUTORS.

BEN DOREY.
SAM WALBY.
ANNA COLAO.
ANTHONY HOULDEN.
JOHN FOSTER.
KATHRYN COUSINS.

PICTURES.

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A FEW CHOICE IMAGES FROM THE MONTH'S STORIES.

NOW THEN.

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JULY 2008.

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WORDLIFE.

LORD BUNN.

SOUNDCHECK.

REVIEWS.

QUANTIC.

OPUS.

FAVOURITES.

WE AIM.

TO INFORM PEOPLE HONESTLY.

TO RAISE AWARENESS OF INDEPENDENT ART, LITERATURE, MUSIC AND TRADE.

TO REVEAL THE LINKS BETWEEN ART, MUSIC, LITERATURE, CULTURE AND LOCAL POLITICS.

TO CREATE A PRO-ACTIVE COMMUNITY, WHICH REFLECTS AND ACTS IN AN INFORMED MANNER ON CULTURAL AND SOCIAL ISSUES.

TO CULTIVATE AND EMPOWER INDEPENDENT CHOICE, VOICE AND RESPONSIBILITY.

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**NOW THEN.
NUMBER FOUR.
EDITORIAL.**

This month is a bundle of joy I assure you.
If you eat, or read for that matter, with your fingers, then feast your
grubby little mitts on the informative treats before you.

I recommend Anthony Houlden's superbly worded
critique on the 'trend' of rising knife crime in Sheffield.
This is how we do it.

Lord Bunn is the legend supplying our visual treats this month.
Shake his hand when you see him - his tshirts are dope, lets all face it and get one.

Massive thanks to our regular team of writers, designers, doers and photographers,
you've worked proper hard and the standard has been superb.

Feed your heads.

JAMES.

THE VIEWS EXPRESSED IN THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES ARE THE OPINION OF THE
WRITERS AND NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF NOW THEN MAGAZINE. ENJOY THE READ.

WONDERLAND.

Science, art and politics: three powerful fields that don't combine forces as often as they perhaps should. For the last three years, Professor Tony Ryan of Sheffield University and Helen Storey of The London College of Fashion have been collaborating to produce exhibitions that do just that. The outcome has been Wonderland, which aims to get people thinking about how the creative application of technology can help us to live in a more sustainable way.

Wonderland Sheffield will be running until 13th July 2008 and the two sites will showcase ever-changing works. The Botanical Gardens will host Dissolving Bottles, demonstrating a potential revolution in intelligent packaging. The bottles designed by the project can be dissolved by hot water to form a gel in which plants can be grown. This means that the bottles will magically transform into flowers over the course of the exhibition.

Brilliantly, the project has chosen Meadowhall to play host to its other show; Disappearing Dresses. These products have been created by Trish Belford using a pioneering, dissolving textile. As they gradually sink into a pool of water, beautiful underwater explosions will accompany their dramatic demise.

These showy displays of technological and aesthetic wizardry aims to draw attention to the issue of consumption and waste and question whether science might offer part of the solution. Whether or not you agree with Wonderland's approach to the problem, the execution looks set to be spectacular, so why not head down and see for yourself where our future might be heading?

SAFE CYCLING.

Cycling is an ever more topical issue in today's eco-aware climate. However - as my firmly two-wheeled colleague Mark Hudson is only too eager to attest - the road of the velocipede does not run smooth.

Aside from the physical pains one must go through to make it up Sheffield's numerous and mountainous hills, there are all kinds of threats to a cyclist's safety. With everything from dodgy drivers to cycle maintenance to contend with you might start to feel tired before you've even left the house. Fortunately there are a number of free services out there to make it all a bit easier for you.

Pedal Ready are the council's approved cycle instructors and they offer the following services:

- A free 2 hour one-to-one cycle training session for any resident living in Sheffield
 - Help choosing your route, e.g. to work or leisure
 - A companion to cycle along your route with you until you gain confidence
- For more information, give the Pedal Ready team a ring on (0114) 237 2630 or email training@pedalready.co.uk

If you already feel confident of your skills and know how to get where you're going, but are less certain of your bike's fitness for duty, then you need to visit Dr Bike. For a free bike health check, you can catch the Doctor at Ruskin Park Fun Day (Saturday 12th July 1pm-6pm) or at Bike It, You'll Like it! at Shire Brook Valley Visitor Centre from 1pm on 30th July.

CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

Each year, The Sheffield Children's Festival offers hundreds of local school children the opportunity to collaborate with professional artists to produce work for public exhibition. This year's theme is Silk Road Treasures.

Over the last five months, pupils from over 70 Sheffield schools have been working hard to produce more than 1000 pieces of visual art. The project has taken its inspiration from the ancient route from China to Rome travelled by Eastern merchants and traders carrying expensive goods to sell in the West. With such a broad geographical remit, the many pieces exhibited are sure to be a diverse reflection of the young creative talent in our city.

Aside from providing a thrilling experience for the young people concerned, projects such as the children's festival give young people a realistic experience of life as a creative practitioner. Working in collaboration with real-life artists from their region not only increases the creative potential of the classroom but also allows children to ask questions about working in the creative industries and raises their aspirations.

To see the outcome of this year's endeavours, go along to the Workstation 9am-6pm Monday-Friday until 18th July. Look out for more Children's Festival events at various cultural venues, including The Crucible and The Showroom.

CASSIE KILL.

LOCAL.

THE FOLLOWING MUSINGS
OCCURRED WHILST SCRUBBING
THE URINALS OF A CLASSY
ESTABLISHMENT IN
NORTH WALES.

I've had a lot of jobs since I was 15.
I mean a lot. Kitchen hand. Bus-girl
(that's one below waitress). Waitress.
Bar wench. Shop girl. Builder's labourer.
Office twat. Data entri-er. Flyer-er-er-er.
Telemarketer. Currently, I fulfil a complex
integrated role, largely comprising (but
not limited to) the duties of cleaner/
chambermaid/short-order cook, which,
despite the urinals, is decidedly
less grubby than telesales.

My mother is very proud.
Not having had the benefit
of a university education herself,
she felt sure that my arts degree
would have gotten me somewhere
a little more cosy. She probably has
similar expectations regarding
my MA, bless her.

Still, in addition to my impressive CV
and such invaluable life-skills as
upselling, under-selling, and knowing
the components of a good margherita;
I believe my work history has led me to
a conclusion which I intend to enshrine
in law when I am in charge: a
compulsory year of service (industry)
for all school-leavers.

Full time.

By which I mean 50 hours a week.

Now, I realise this sounds a little
extreme, but you see I really think it
could make the world a better place.

Think of it as a softer version of military
service only with a smidgen of
individual responsibility and greatly
reduced odds of death or maiming. A
year out of your life for the greater good.

Imagine! Every jumped-up, obnoxious
ignoramus in the land humbled by
their own youthful memories of taking
crap from strangers for five pounds
an hour. And then they will know.
Hourly rate does not correlate to
worth as a human being.

If you are nice to me, the service will be
better. If you are rude, condescending
or unreasonably demanding, you are
almost certainly not the only person
giving me crap right now, but you may
well be the only one who it is in my
power to avenge myself on.
Enjoy your dinner.

But this is just the beginning! Whole
generations of people could develop
a new consideration for others. Plus, if
the spawn of Lord and Lady Fauntleroy
were forced to rough it down here with
the plebs for a time, I'm betting the
minimum wage would go shooting up.

Then we could do away with Working
Tax Credits and other bureaucratic
hoops you can jump through if the
government acknowledges that your
boss isn't paying you a living wage. And
then maybe the Inland Revenue could
concentrate on not screwing
up my income tax.

Which brings me to another reliable
constant in my working life: the yearly
joy of attempting to extract a large
chunk of hard-earned cash wrongly
appropriated by the tax man.

Sometimes this pleasure lasts until the
end of the next tax year. I once received
a cheque for the princely sum of £2.73
while still waiting for a grand I'd earned
a year previously.

Having rudely ripped you off
in this way, they make it pretty bloody
difficult for you to get it back, don't
they? Your best bet is to go into the tax
office, where, in Sheffield at least, they're
friendly, efficient and understanding.
Should this prove difficult - for example,
because you have a day job, or are
exiled on a rocky island west of every-
where, well, good luck. The phone line
will be engaged. They're likely to pass
you back and forth between two or
more tax offices for a time before
one will accept that you're their
responsibility. It's rather like navigating
your way through a Kafka novel. Then
you begin requesting, re-requesting,
submitting and re-submitting a series of
forms for them to lose. One office
refused to send me a claim form while
the phoneline of another was
permanently engaged because they
didn't want it to come out of their
stationery budget.

Presently, I am owed £650,
which was in fact sent to me a few
weeks ago; apparently though they
sent it to an address I lived at in 2002.

Even though they've written to me at
each of my 5 subsequent addresses,
and my current address was given on
the form they must have processed in
order to have issued the cheque in the
first place. ("Can you send me another
one please?" "You'll have to write and
ask, I'm afraid." "I'm asking you now!"
"You'll have to write in.").

Incompetence aside, how much
money must they make from folk who
don't realise they're owed, or give up
during the rigmarole of claiming? Not
that the system is specifically
designed this way...

Anyway, I've a fair amount of time on my
hands in the interim. When my money
comes I shall use this to buy food and
pay my bills, but in the meantime, I'm
a lady of leisure and am planning a
project. It occurs to me that if I were to
make a mistake declaring my earnings,
I would be liable for a fine and possibly
prison.

Thus, I plan to sue the
Inland Revenue for whatever the
opposite of tax evasion is.

Theft, possibly.

Does anyone have any legal
experience? If you help me, I'll clean
your loo, fee waived of course.

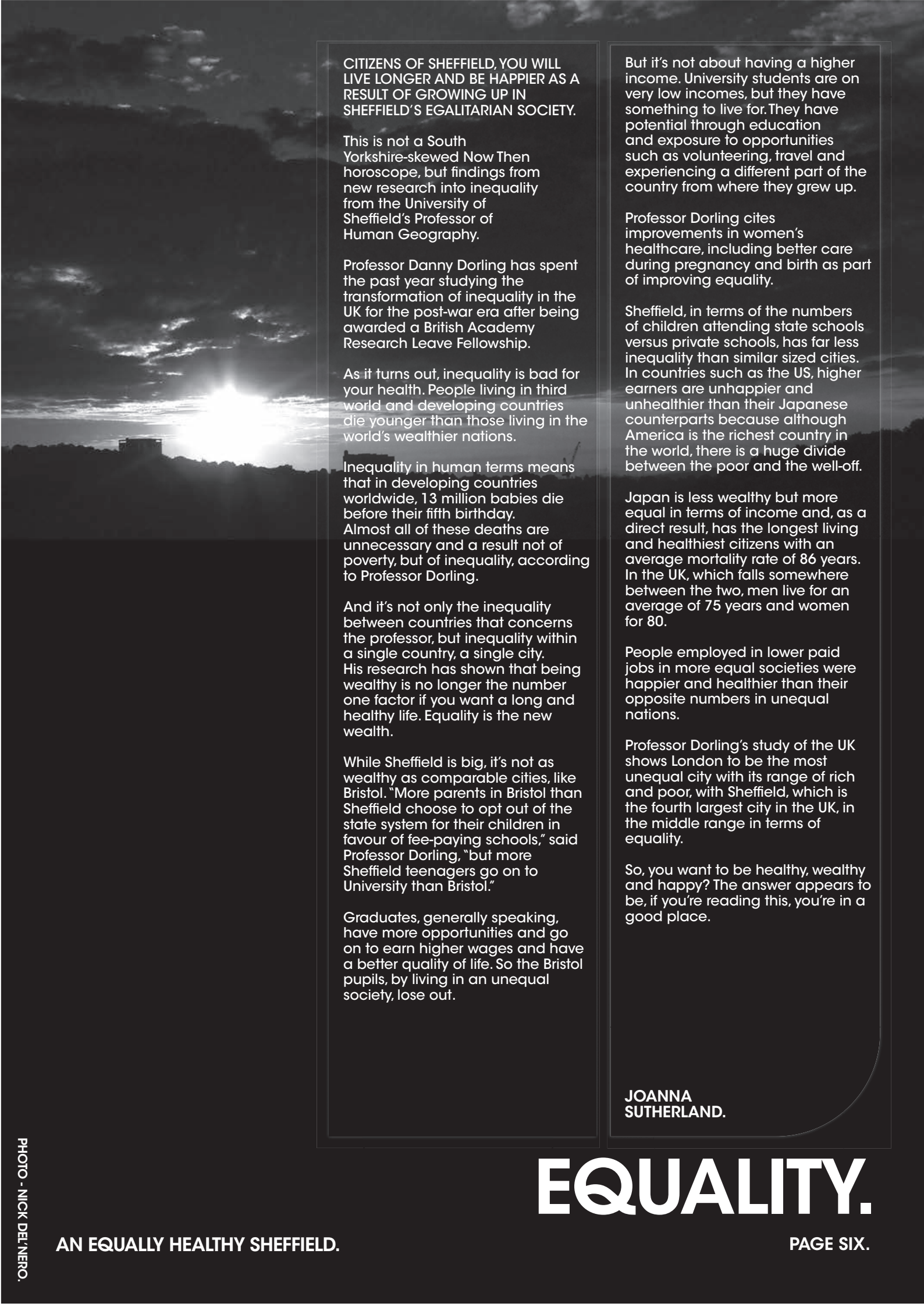
LYNSEY JEFFRIES.



WORK.

PAGE FIVE.

AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF NAME-TAGS AND HAIRNETS.



CITIZENS OF SHEFFIELD, YOU WILL LIVE LONGER AND BE HAPPIER AS A RESULT OF GROWING UP IN SHEFFIELD'S EGALITARIAN SOCIETY.

This is not a South Yorkshire-skewed Now Then horoscope, but findings from new research into inequality from the University of Sheffield's Professor of Human Geography.

Professor Danny Dorling has spent the past year studying the transformation of inequality in the UK for the post-war era after being awarded a British Academy Research Leave Fellowship.

As it turns out, inequality is bad for your health. People living in third world and developing countries die younger than those living in the world's wealthier nations.

Inequality in human terms means that in developing countries worldwide, 13 million babies die before their fifth birthday. Almost all of these deaths are unnecessary and a result not of poverty, but of inequality, according to Professor Dorling.

And it's not only the inequality between countries that concerns the professor, but inequality within a single country, a single city. His research has shown that being wealthy is no longer the number one factor if you want a long and healthy life. Equality is the new wealth.

While Sheffield is big, it's not as wealthy as comparable cities, like Bristol. "More parents in Bristol than Sheffield choose to opt out of the state system for their children in favour of fee-paying schools," said Professor Dorling, "but more Sheffield teenagers go on to University than Bristol."

Graduates, generally speaking, have more opportunities and go on to earn higher wages and have a better quality of life. So the Bristol pupils, by living in an unequal society, lose out.

But it's not about having a higher income. University students are on very low incomes, but they have something to live for. They have potential through education and exposure to opportunities such as volunteering, travel and experiencing a different part of the country from where they grew up.

Professor Dorling cites improvements in women's healthcare, including better care during pregnancy and birth as part of improving equality.

Sheffield, in terms of the numbers of children attending state schools versus private schools, has far less inequality than similar sized cities. In countries such as the US, higher earners are unhappier and unhealthier than their Japanese counterparts because although America is the richest country in the world, there is a huge divide between the poor and the well-off.

Japan is less wealthy but more equal in terms of income and, as a direct result, has the longest living and healthiest citizens with an average mortality rate of 86 years. In the UK, which falls somewhere between the two, men live for an average of 75 years and women for 80.

People employed in lower paid jobs in more equal societies were happier and healthier than their opposite numbers in unequal nations.

Professor Dorling's study of the UK shows London to be the most unequal city with its range of rich and poor, with Sheffield, which is the fourth largest city in the UK, in the middle range in terms of equality.

So, you want to be healthy, wealthy and happy? The answer appears to be, if you're reading this, you're in a good place.

JOANNA
SUTHERLAND.

EQUALITY.



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NOW THEN. NOW THEN.

SHAKESPEARE. ON GIBRALTAR STREET. YOU KNOW THE DRILL BY NOW. DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT WE HAVE GOING ON? DO YOU? OK HERE WE GO.

THIS MONTH WE HAVE. CUE DRUM ROLL.

SMOKERS DIE YOUNGER PLAY ON FRIDAY 4TH. JAMMIN' CRU PRESENT BARE KNUCKLE SOUL ON SATURDAY 5TH. I'M GOING TO PLAY SYD BARRETT RECORDS ALL DAY ON MONDAY 7TH BECAUSE I FEEL LIKE IT. ON FRIDAY 11TH DJ CHERRYRED WILL BE HOSTING A GARAGE NIGHT. NO. NOT THAT GARAGE THE OTHER ONE. WITH GUITARS IN IT. IT'S CALLED LOCK ME IN THE GARAGE. ACE NAME. THE VERY WONDERFUL SINGING KNIVES PRESENT TREMBLING BELLS AND THWARTED FIRES FOR £2 ON THURSDAY 17TH AND SLEAZE AND FINK DO THEIR ULTIMATE MUSIC QUIZ ON THE SAME NIGHT. **C90 WILL BE DOING DJ RUPTURE ON SATURDAY 19TH.** HOW COOL? WE ARE ALL VERY EXCITED THAT JAMES BLACKSHAW WILL BE PLAYING ON SUNDAY 20TH. VERY EXCITED. LISTEN TO HIS MUSIC. YOU CAN BUY IT IN SHOPS. THEN COME SEE HIM PLAY. IT WILL MAKE YOU VERY, VERY HAPPY.

THERE'S LOTS MORE GOING ON THAT WE CAN'T TELL YOU ABOUT EITHER BECAUSE IT'S A SECRET. COME IN AND WE'LL WHISPER IT IN YOUR EAR.

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NATIONALITIES OF REFUGEES IN SHEFFIELD.

AFGHANISTAN.
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ALGERIA.
ANGOLA.
AZERBAIJAN.
BANGLADESH.
BURMA.
BURUNDI.
CAMEROON.
CHINA.
COLUMBIA.
CONGO.
DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC
OF CONGO.
CZECH REPUBLIC.
ERITREA.
ETHIOPIA.
GEORGIA.
GUINEA.
INDIA.
IRAN.
IRAQ.
ISRAEL.
IVORY COAST.
JAMAICA.
KENYA.
KUWAIT.
KYRGYZSTAN.
LEBANON.
LIBERIA.
LIBYA.
MACEDONIA.
MALI.
MOROCCO.
NIGERIA.
PAKISTAN.
PALESTINE.
PANAMA.
POLAND.
ROMANIA.
RUSSIA.
RWANDA.
SERBIA AND
MONTENEGRO.
SOMALIA.
SOUTH AFRICA.
SRI LANKA.
SUDAN.
SYRIA.
TANZANIA.
TOGO.
TUNISIA.
TURKEY.
UGANDA.
YEMEN.
ZAMBIA.
ZIMBABWE.

CRAIG BARNETT FEELS THAT PEOPLE HAVE FORGOTTEN THE MEANING AND THE IMPORTANCE OF 'SANCTUARY'.

Sanctuary doesn't just refer to a sacred or holy place – it also means a place of refuge and safety for those who need it.

For Babak Kouravand, an Iranian refugee living in Sheffield, it means this and more. The 'sanctuary' that Sheffield offers him is a home. It is a place where he can belong, where he is accepted and is regarded as an equal. Babak told me he feels 110% integrated. That sounds like a good start.

City of Sanctuary is a movement in Sheffield, started in 2005, to build a more welcoming place for asylum seekers and refugees. I found out more about it from Craig, the national co-ordinator, and Babak, a refugee who is on the committee. Craig explained to me that City of Sanctuary wasn't started because Sheffield was a bad or hostile place for refugees and asylum seekers – in fact, the opposite is true.

Many refugees in Sheffield comment on how friendly the people are here and how warmly they are received. But these people still face problems in other areas, in particular, access to housing and medical care. City of Sanctuary seeks to address these and other issues, as well as using Sheffield as an example to other cities to spread the movement.

A 'movement'... that probably sounds a bit fuzzy. What it means is that organisations who join give their public commitment to welcome asylum seekers and refugees. This doesn't mean they have to give money or accommodation, but instead should make it easier for refugees and asylum seekers to get involved in their activities.

It's about getting everyone in the city to take a more positive attitude to asylum seekers and refugees, and not just see them as a label. City of Sanctuary is also starting projects of its own. For example, a group of volunteers is developing possible community projects in the Manor area to bring local people and asylum seekers together.

City of Sanctuary isn't about feeling pity for people; it's about empowering them. When I spoke to Babak, he kept emphasising that when you feel you belong somewhere, you give back to that place out of love, and not because you feel obliged to. In Babak's case, he is already a volunteer and an interpreter for local organisations.

As can be expected, some issues have been raised since its growing popularity. For example, by placing all this emphasis on asylum seekers and refugees, won't the city neglect other vulnerable groups? It's certainly true that asylum seekers and refugees aren't the only people who feel isolated in the city – but the hope is that by creating a culture of hospitality, everyone will benefit in some way. There's also a lot of emphasis on working with the people from the local area in the movement's manifesto. The points in it show how its aims are directed at the whole community, not just a closed group. This is illustrated by the passage "People in all communities feel safe from harassment, racism and persecution."

City of Sanctuary was not created to encourage more asylum seekers and refugees to come to Sheffield. Asylum seekers are in fact given no choice in their place of residence: the 'dispersal system' means that they are sent wherever the government pleases, and if they don't follow this, they lose their accommodation.

The coverage in the media of asylum seekers and refugees can often seem relentlessly negative, regardless of whether the article is in defence of their situation or not, but Babak showed me how there can be a positive side to his experience.

The next step is to take City of Sanctuary to other cities, making it a more mainstream idea. There are already a few working on this, such as Leeds, Leicester and Norwich.

So the message to get from all this?

First of all, Sheffield is somewhere to be proud of (you knew that already, right?!). Second, you can make it even better. I started doing volunteer work with refugees and asylum seekers through the Conversation Club. I met people from countries I knew nothing about and the people there got to practise their English and to see more friendly faces. Let's show the UK how sanctuary is done in Sheffield. Why wait for the government to do things when you can start making changes at home?

Since writing this article, City of Sanctuary has held a national conference on 4 June which was reported on in the Guardian, among other sources.

To find out what you can do in Sheffield
cityofsanctuary.org

KATHRYN COUSINS.

CITY OF SANCTUARY.

...AND PROUD OF IT.

PAGE EIGHT.

green room

Tuesday 1 July: The Sicknotes

Wednesday 2 July: Opus Listen

Thursday 3 July: Girl Wearsred, Thomas Husbands

Friday 4 July: Tim Bowel DJ set

Monday 7 July: Open Mic

Tuesday 8 July: Acoustic Night

Thursday 17 July: Innerstate Circus

Wednesday 9 July: Opus Listen

Friday 18 July: Remote Control

Thursday 10 July: Jon Taylor, The planets

Monday 21 July: Open Mic

Friday 11 July: We are LFA

Tuesday 22 July: Amin & Chloe

Monday 14 July: Open Mic

Wednesday 23 July: Opus Listen

Tuesday 15 July: Acoustic night

Thursday 24 July: Smiling Ivy, The Dudleys

Wednesday 16 July: Opus Listen

Friday 25 July: Soul Food

Saturday 26 July: Shindig

Monday 28 July: UD Music Night

Tuesday 29 July: Zap Brannigan

Wednesday 30 July: Opus Listen

Thursday 31 July: Shot Dead, Support TBC

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THIS MONTH

Friday 4th July

Thank Funk It's Friday
CJ Shaw and Wayne -
Underground Americana!
£5 OTD 10pm - 3am

Saturday 5th July

Live Music - Trokia + Support
8pm-Midnight
£4 OTD

Saturday 5th July

Underground Sound
Special Invitation Only Party
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Penelope Sheffield
10pm - 3am

Friday 11th July

Thank Funk It's Friday
Booty, Peewee and Sean E
£5 OTD 10pm - 3am

Saturday 12th July

Pseudo 54
Soul, House and Rare Disco
Mike O'Mara (Development Manchester)
Dan J (Don't Walk, Boogie) & Darren Low
£5 OTD 10pm - 3am

Friday 18th July

Rough Disko
£5 OTD 10pm - 3am

Saturday 19th July

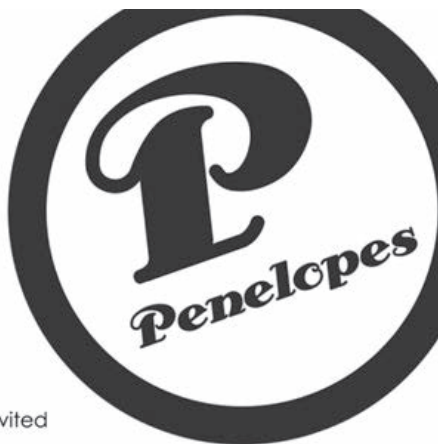
Supermutants Ball
A Multigenremeta media mission
£3 Advanced Guestlist
£5 OTD 10pm - 3am

Friday 25th July

Thank Funk It's Friday
Discodown, Jabel Roots and Kitty
Getting all glittery on us!
£5 OTD 10pm - 3am

Saturday 26th July

House Proud
£5 OTD 10pm - 3am

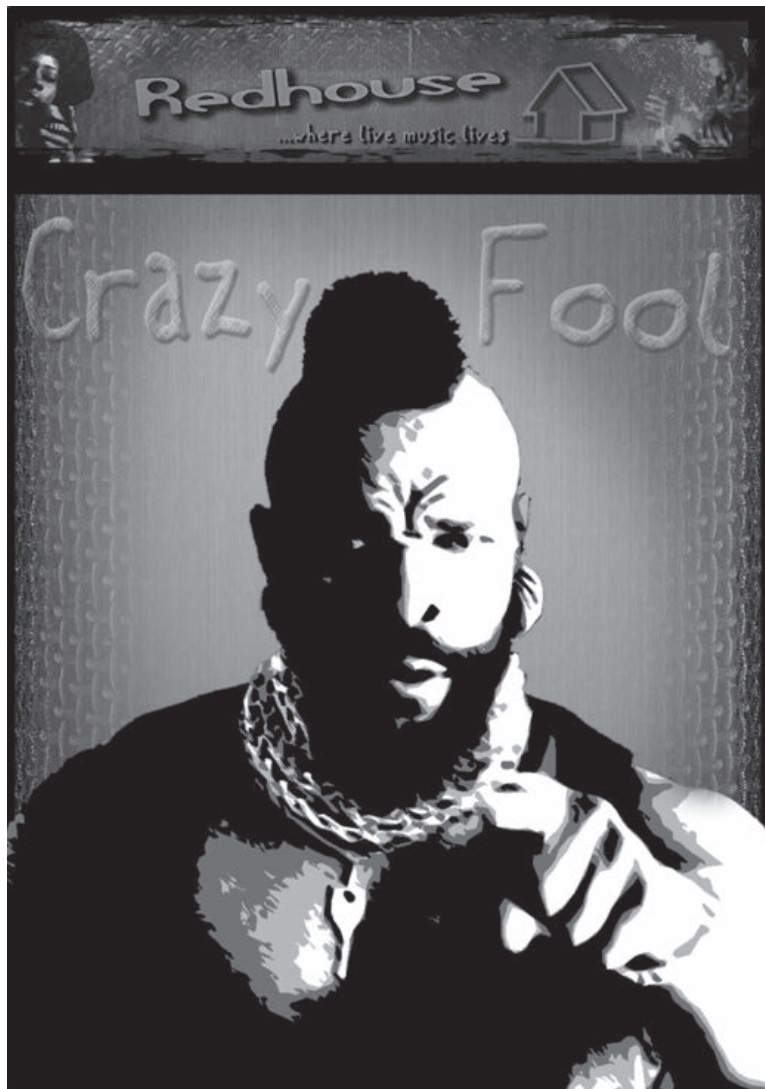


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PUNITIVE RHETORIC MAKES VICTIMS OF THE WRONG PEOPLE.

Six months into 2008 and the writing is already on the walls, or if you are feeling particularly brutal, splattered on the floor, of how this year will be remembered. Violent crime, and in particular knife crime, will haunt the government and be splashed across the front of every newspaper in the coming months - not least in Sheffield which recently saw Brett Blake, 23, stabbed to death inside the Uniq club.

High-profile teenage killing, including the brutal murder of Robert Knox over the bank holiday weekend, has pushed knife crime to the top of the political agenda. But, there is no easy solution to the problem of knife crime and with each brutal assault there is a clamour for longer prison sentences and stronger police action.

It is, however, extremely difficult to establish trends in knife crime. The British Crime Survey, which measures the amount of crime in England and Wales by asking people about crimes they have experienced in the last year, would suggest that knife crime has remained pretty much static for a decade. Clearly, however, the impression that knife crime has reached epidemic proportions is hard to contest and the reaction by the press, the government and what I would flippantly call the general public only goes to emphasise this point.

We cannot blame the government, nor anyone else, for their response to this crime, however. It is a reality that knives will always be readily available, cheap and difficult to detect and the government, therefore, is extremely limited in what action it can take. That is why when pressed and in a crisis there is an instinctive reaction for politicians to follow the line of least resistance.

This often means one of two things; either they pay people off with changes to the tax system - as we have seen with backtracking over the 10p tax fiasco - or they talk tough against crime and expand the state's capacity to monitor and detain people.

The electorate and the press demand this macho posturing and New Labour is more than happy to fill this role. They proselytise about the wrongs of an individual's crime, lambaste the culture that sees knives as a modern fashion accessory and perform a cathartic act of defiance by throwing the power of the state behind the actions of the police. This power takes the form of punitive justice, such as the recently made announcement to prosecute anybody over the age of 16 caught carrying a knife and increasing stop and search powers. These are, however, blunt instruments that fail to confront the problem face to face.

The knee-jerk reaction by the government to resort to punitive rhetoric only leads to greater alienation and exacerbates the fear that stalks Britain's streets. By criminalising the young too early we are entrenching a feeling of victimisation in the offender and in the culture that bred them. It is not putting the power of the state behind the victim but is instead creating a new and more dangerous one.

The fear of crime is a significant reason why someone would carry a knife (in order to protect themselves). It is also the reason why communities victimised by knives live under curfew. And, despite what many will have you believe, a retaliatory response will only go to generate a greater sense of danger and fear. This poisonous combination plunges communities into a malaise that polarises, divides and cripples. We must, therefore, try to counteract this fear through positive action and not through negative draconian rhetoric.

Restorative justice, when criminals are confronted with the impact of their crime and are forced to make reparations, offers a sensible solution for first time offenders. This approach challenges the individual to engage with the community to which it has done harm. It is in no way a soft option and, in fact, unlike prison, forces responsibility back onto the defender, who can no longer see themselves as the victim of society but as the cause of its problems. When the government next month announces its cross-departmental youth crime plan it must move away from purely punitive rhetoric which does nothing but quell the fears of middle England.

A progressive approach must confront and challenge criminality without enduring and excusing it. By cracking down hard on deprived areas and individuals, you fail to develop the essential relationships needed to breakdown a cultural norm and counter fear.

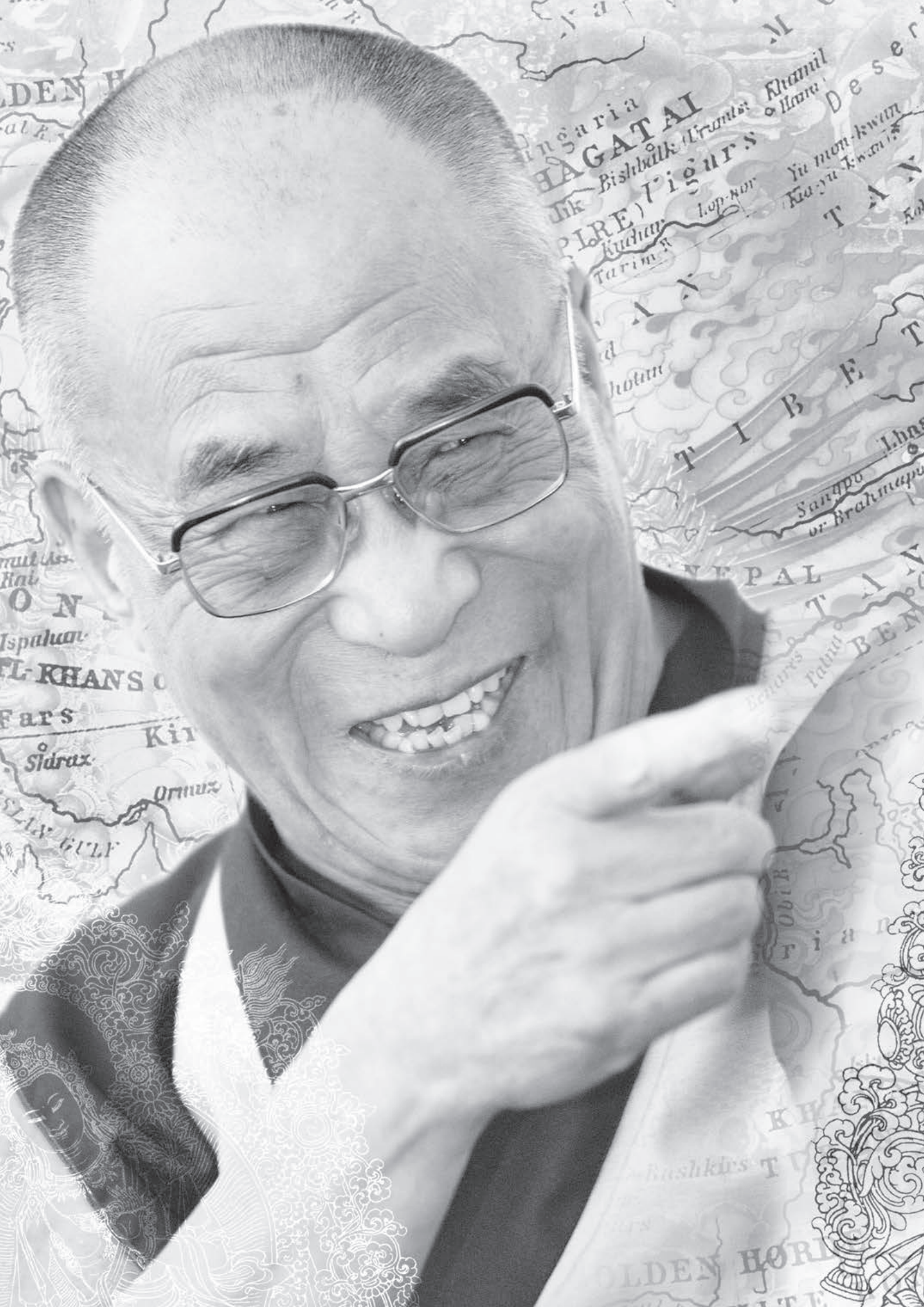
Only through education and reducing the fear of crime where it really exists - amongst the young people who live with it everyday - can the government be truly said to be confronting the real long term problems that face this country.

ANTHONY HOULDEN.

KNIFE CRIME.

SAY HELLO TO MY FRIEND STANLEY.

PAGE TEN.



'The problem of Tibet is very complicated. It is intrinsically linked with many issues: politics, the nature of society, law, human rights, religion, culture, the identity of a people, the economy and the state of the natural environment'
H.H. DALAI LAMA, 10TH MARCH 2008

Tibet, home of the Himalayas, has been at the centre of political controversy and media attention since the 1949 invasion and subsequent occupation of the Chinese Communist Party (CCP).

In Britain, the ongoing situation in Tibet has been put under the spotlight by His Holiness the Dalai Lama's recent visit to the UK last month. H.H. the Dalai Lama is considered by the Tibetan people to be the true political and spiritual leader of Tibet and, despite his refugee status, he heads the Tibetan government in exile based in Dharamsala, northern India. H.H. Dalai Lama is also the head of the Tibetan Buddhism religion and is considered to be the 14th reincarnation that has led the Tibetan people in both political and spiritual affairs.

While in the UK last month, H.H. the Dalai Lama spent a five-day stint up north in Nottingham giving both public talks as well as Buddhist teachings based around the work of past Buddhist teachers. On Saturday he gave two talks and finished with a third on Sunday morning. The public talks focussed on our daily efforts to "bring meaning to life". Emphasis was placed on developing compassion and the understanding of a common humanity which we are all a part of. His style over the weekend was light and enjoyable as the stadium of 7,000 resounded with his infectious laughter. Young and old alike gathered to see this Nobel Peace Prize winner who over the last few decades has become a symbol of non-violence, patience and compassion in his struggle to retain Tibet's culture, people and lands.

The last session on Sunday, hosted by Jonathan Dimpleby, was aimed at young people, focussing on how we can "care for our world". It consisted of a narrated dance based on the environment and man's infringement upon it. Involving five local schools, the performance was a genuine offering and received a warm reception from H.H. as well as the 7,000 people present. A question panel of three young people then followed, with the closing event being the recitation of several original poems by the winners of a national competition. H.H. the Dalai Lama described it as a "new experience" and seemed to wholeheartedly embrace meeting the local youth. The final three days were consumed by teachings on Buddhist philosophy and both academic and experiential reasoning.

During his time in the UK, H.H. the Dalai Lama also met with several top politicians including our very own Prime Minister, while still making the time to lecture in London and Oxford Universities.

TIBET: THE SITUATION

Tibet and China's history are heavily interlinked with territorial disputes and changes occurring since before the Ming Dynasty (which ruled from 1368 to 1644). Despite this, the notion that Tibet became part of China in the 13th century is a very recent construction. It is commonly acknowledged that from 1912 until the founding of the People's Republic of China in 1949, no Chinese government exercised control over what is today China's Tibet Autonomous Region. The Dalai Lama's government alone ruled the land until 1951. The occupation of Tibet has had many serious consequences for the people and lands of Tibet. In brief, these include:

Numerous human rights abuses such as false imprisonment, torture and rape.

Mass migration of Han Chinese who now outnumber native Tibetans.

Suppression of religious practice.

Destruction of monasteries and religious symbols.

The de-validation of language and cultural norms.

Infringements of personal liberty.

Continuing destruction of the environment.

Outlawing of nomadic tribal movements.

The kidnapping and detainment of Buddhist teachers.

The international community has left Tibet and its people to the mercy of the CCP thus avoiding any head to head confrontation with China. Since the end of Cold War, China has become increasingly integrated in the global political economy and now sits on several major security councils. China's new position as an economic and manufacturing power has induced an awkward silence and instant vetoing of any matters surrounding the 'Tibet issue'.

For example, at the United Nations Human Rights Council meeting in Geneva in March this year, where a presentation by Amnesty International on human rights in Tibet was cut short by Chinese delegates. China, with its communist ideal and capitalist practice, is often viewed as the home of paradoxes.

With rich urbanites and poor country men and an ongoing problem with human rights, China's role as an international power and world leader remains unclear, particularly considering the renewed focus on Tibet that the Olympics have brought.

The announcement by the international Olympic Committee to hold the 2008 Olympics in Beijing, China has prompted non-governmental organisations (NGOs) including Free Tibet to re-emphasise human rights abuses taking place in both Tibet and parts of China itself. This focus on Tibet intensified further on the 10th March this year when protests began to break out in Lhasa (the Tibetan capital) and other parts of China with high Tibetan populations. These protests marked the 49th anniversary of the failed uprising against Chinese occupation and rule. This dissent manifested itself in the form of marches, riots and general clashes against the Chinese security forces. The BBC has reported that at least 25 different places in Tibet and neighbouring provinces in western China bore witness to violent clashes and protesting.

H.H. the Dalai Lama wants to find a middle way policy that benefits both China and Tibet, even if that means remaining as part of China. The compassion and wisdom exhibited by this monastic figure working in a political arena is astounding and an example to all of us. I lose my phone and my life is over! This man loses his country and retains a smile.

Tibet Government in Exile.
TIBET.COM

Amnesty International on China.
AMNESTY.ORG/EN/REGION/ASIA-AND-PACIFIC/EAST-ASIA/CHINA

Free Tibet.
FREETIBET.ORG

International Tibet Support Network.
TIBETNETWORK.ORG

Tibet Society/ Tibet Relief fund.
TIBETSOCIETY.COM

Tibet Watch.
TIBETWATCH.ORG

Tibet Foundation.
TIBET-FOUNDATION.ORG

ANNA COLAO.

THE DALAI LAMA.

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I've nothing to rant about really this month. Must be all this sodding good weather. So I'll take the opportunity to tell you about my favourite shop on this big ball we live on.

JF WILSON CYCLES of 220 City Road.

Wilson's was founded by James Fredrick Wilson in 1948, and so celebrate their 60th anniversary this year. Quite an achievement in itself for a little terraced house conversion overlooking the city. Add to this that Wilson Cycles racing team still hold the record for the number of British road race wins in one season, an accomplishment unsurpassed for over 50 years.

If you go into the shop, and I can't recommend it enough, you can understand the longevity of the marque. The old and the new in perfect harmony. The place is awash with memories and a million past conversations from cyclists from near and far, while all around the blue and orange of the team colours adorn the walls alongside a beautiful set of Nervex lugs and Campagnolo group sets. Bottles, pedals, you name it. Frames in the most wonderful shades, peering out through the window, almost longing for the road.

Every time I go in, and yes, I am like a kid in a sweet shop, I feel like I want to tell everybody about the place... split with not wanting to tell anybody at all. It's so good, I want to keep it to myself. Guess I've blown that one.

A family business, now run by Jim's son Nigel, a man with a passion the size of a melon (a raisin would be at the other end of the fruit scale). A true, and I believe, unsung, craftsman of the city. He creates objects of beauty with a master class in functionality and precision. Except for that carbon rubbish...

People talk about shopping locally and supporting independent businesses. This ethos should extend to your bike. Admittedly they cost a few quid, but it's like buying a suit. If you want something with no bollocks and saggy elbows, with parts probably from 5 different continents, buy off the peg. El Cheapo. If you want something that fits you like your own skin, in the colour you want with the components of your choosing, and made in Sheffield, you know where to go lad(ie)s.

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wilsoncycles.co.uk

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M D Hudson

CYCLING TIPS.

WITH MOCKTORIAN GENT ABOUT TOWN, M.D. HUDSON ESQ.

PAGE FOURTEEN.

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**NICK DEL'NERO.
BENEDICT EVANS.**

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OCCASIONALLY WHEN HE'S FEELING A BIT UPMARKET, STARWIPE PICKS UP THE STAR'S GENTEEL, DOWN AT HEEL UNCLE, THE SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH - THE PAPER THAT, WHILE THE STAR GOES ABOUT THE MUCKY BUSINESS OF PUTTING OUT A DOWNMARKET DAILY, ROUSES ITSELF ONCE A WEEK TO OFFER UP LOCAL NEWS FOR THE MORE DISCERNING READER.

The discerning reader who enjoys discerning stories about women who used to be men and crazy, crazy Muslims.

Here's what we got several weeks back: "A SEX swap instructor at an all-female driving school was left devastated when the Sheffield husbandly loves of one of her pupils threatened to sue her firm - for sending a man to teach his Muslim wife."

Like a minor character towards the beginning of a Bond film, that gives you all the plot exposition you're going to need. Starwipe particularly loves the way the intro deploys that great British tabloid style trick of using the most attention-grabbing detail's right out in front, making the victim into "A SEX swap instructor" as if the all-female driving school also offers courses in something entirely different.

But Starwipe digresses. It transpires that Emma, formerly Andrew, teaches driving instruction at this women-only school where, by all accounts, she's very popular. She has a legal document stating that she's a woman, and she's deeply hurt because this man called up her office and threatened to sue since he believed they'd sent a man disguised as a woman to insult him because he's Muslim.

Over to you, Telegraph.

"The problem began when the man booked a two hour driving lesson for his wife."

Emma travelled from her Holmfirth home to Meadowhall and collected the woman from her home and the lesson began.

But after the first hour of the lesson she told Emma she would have to cancel the remainder of the lesson because she had to go home to breast feed her baby.

Joanne (Emma's boss) said: "Then the husband rang me and said he was going to sue us. 'He was saying, 'You have sent me a man, send me a proper female, how dare you send a man with a deep voice?' Then he claimed we had deliberately sent a man disguised as a woman because he was a Muslim."

"His attitude and his behaviour was outrageous and has upset me and Emma and everyone else who works here. We are not racist, we are not sexist - if anyone was being so it was that man. Emma says the outburst had made her seriously consider quitting her job."

Now obviously the driving instructor has been on the receiving end of some nastily rude behaviour here. If this man phoned up to accuse her of being a man, that's just mean. If he insisted it's some sort of plot against him because of his faith, that drops a fair chunk of paranoia into the equation. (Starwipe is attempting to imagine what sort of driving school would actually engage in the sort of behaviour he thinks was happening. Starwipe keeps envisioning a room at the back of a BNP headquarters full of grizzled, chain-smoking men in mini-skirts, leafing through driving instructor manuals and waiting for the phone to ring. "Comin' over 'ere and teaching their wives to drive? I don't bloody think so ...")

Nor does Starwipe disapprove of the straightforward, non-sensationalist tone the writer takes with the story. Facts are laid out without stifled tabloid giggles; the Telegraph plays a straight bat.

But none of that means this is a story. See, the key words here are "threatened to sue".

Ah yes, threatening to sue, are we? Starwipe knows all about that. In the past couple of weeks he's 'threatened to sue' the restaurant that burned his pizza, the bank that didn't promptly send him his new chequebook, and East Midlands Trains. Twice.

Starwipe lives a life of furious, furious anger.

The fact is, however, that none of these organisations have actually received any correspondence from the Starwipe legal department. Perhaps you know how it is. Somebody's on the receiving end of some real or imagined slight or ineptitude and they handle it poorly. Threats are made, regrettable language is used. It happens every day and it usually doesn't end in threats being carried out. You yell at the poor sap from Virgin but you don't change your broadband plan.

Starwipe's going to assume that's what's happened here. (He has to assume, as the Telegraph didn't actually get around to interviewing the aggrieved man.) Starwipe's no great legal mind, but he assumes that a lawsuit involving accusations that Muslims are being harassed with men in drag would not exactly find a great deal of traction in the legal system.

So then, what we've got here is less actual court case, more man being rude on the phone. If customers yell at people over the phone every day - undoubtedly sometimes vulgar, racist, sexist, you name it - how come this one gets a page in the paper?

Yeah, this one's not really too complicated, huh, meeja studies students?

This is what we call FREAK SHOW JOURNALISM.

The perfect storm of Angry Paranoid Muslim v Post-op Sex Change Woman takes this from everyday rudeness into the scuzzy neighbourhood of News of the Weird.

ERIK PETERSEN.

STARWIPE

READING THE SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO.

PAGE SIXTEEN.

WORD LIFE

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NOSTALGIA.

Why is this affecting me?
Shimmering with glissando these violin
strings tug those of my heart back to
young love on the beachfront
in a college of art.

Why can I remember New York in the
forties with snow strung skyscrapers
shocking the dark?
Why can I remember unknown
nighttime sorties buying coffee from girls
in the street, pushing carts?

Why does Elgar mean acres and acres
of fields and evoke heroes who fight
with St. George on their shields?
Evoke all that was good that made
everything wrong; All that dark glorious
past recommended by a song—

My memory is in crackling gramophone
records, the earliest thoughts from the
greats of old jazz. It's in waltzes in Russia
and fugues at the court, in wild jigs in
the country that menace the thoughts—

My history is somewhere in seventies
Cambridge. At past midnight,
running in flares round the Quad. And in
untouched brushed lakeland at dusk, in
unopened oak wardrobes, in motheaten
must.

In monasteries a millennia ago in the
alps,
scattered through europe, in cities
throughout;
shards of East Berlin, mingling
with bedsits in Paris, malingering
and clinging—
a wet flannel on a mirror
which shattered into
a kaleidoscope of
A thousand
separate
splinters—

I bent over and knew all that I've ever
known in a glance at some broken
glass heaped on lino.

And then combinations. Unlocked.
Cuckmere Haven and Cornwall and a
fragment of you. And a snapshot of me.

Both in the 1920s, barefoot.
We can watch the movement of the
sands,
or the Southbank soot snow through
the moon of autumn wartime night; you
wanted blackout fairy lights.

You wanted always you and me
And knew how things were meant to be,
instantly.

I knew starlight and sun, you knew small-
town lit streets,
but we exist both the same, in uncrisp
black and white.
Haunted by moaning strings, whose
slide signals twilight
in uncrisp black and white; where there
is no day, or night.

BEN DOREY.

SECRET.

When no one is watching
I eat like this;

jaws like a puppet
on an amateur hand,

young bird gulping a fish
longer than itself.

Thank god I don't
yet have a beard;

can still wipe the truth
with a quick wrist,

a lace hanky ready
to caption me a lady.

JASMINE COORAY.

PROLOGUE.

I count these words
and let them play together
in the sum of my understanding.

They are laughing at themselves and
at me,
throwing each other into nouns
and verbs;
who are too old to
know fact from belief.

Yet I love these orphaned children as if
they were my sons;
they are the closest thing to me.

If my sincerity will embarrass me
then let me be embarrassed
by the strength of my humanity.

Otherwise
I will never know me
from others,
or save a raindrop from a shower.

Don't look for logic here,
I'll only disappoint you.
Try talking
and
I'll meet you half way.

JOE KRISS.

CAPTAIN BIRDSEYE.

I happened to be in a good mood and was looking forward to it lasting. Due to a complete mental collapse of my department manager, I had been promoted to senior sales executive of northern England and had decided to celebrate by taking Linda out for an expensive curry.

As I was in the fish finger industry, I never usually crossed international boundaries of cuisine but this was a special occasion, I'd even given Linda permission to look lovely. I stood at the urinals. My dick felt heavy and solid, like a banana stuffed with lead shot. I was kind of half thinking about Linda later, and that hot stuff in the office that always went for the senior staff. It was going to be just great; I was finally moving up on the pole.

Oh urine, a joyous release, splish splashing about it was on the white porcelain. I began to hum as I thought about my new annual salary, amusing myself wondering if I had enough piss left in me to piss the figures out onto the wall of the urinal when a man stepped up onto the plate.

Dark suit, tanned, he smelled of expensive aftershave, its fragrance long mutated by the sweat of his body, like a peach smelling of shoes. He unzipped himself, pulled it out and then allowed his left hand to fall heavily onto the tiled wall above the gutter, he sighed and looked down. It was only when I gave him a glance that I realised it was Marcus Valentine, chief executive, top dog of the very company that I worked for. I recognised him from the large heavy-framed photograph that hung in the foyer of our northern headquarters. He must be in town for business.

I shifted my stare back to the blank highly polished tiles. Suddenly I felt very excited, my heart began palpitating, a nerve somewhere in the back of my eye twitched uncontrollably and then I suddenly realised, to my disappointment, I had stopped urinating. Which was a bit of a dilemma, I thought, because here was a great opportunity to introduce myself, share a splash of soap, talk convivial chit chat at the mirror as we both adjusted ties, shake hands after drying and hopefully leave him with the impression that this was a man going places.

So I pretended to continue urinating, clearing my throat to mask the absence of urine running from me, all the while listening intently to him, listening for him to stop but he seemed to piss forever. Wait till I tell Linda later about this, I thought. She's not going to believe it!!!

Then suddenly he stopped. His left hand came from the wall and with a heavy cough, he began shaking it. I began to do the same and out of the corner of my eye, I copped a good eyeful of his penis. It was bigger than a bread-crumbed haddock. He flopped it about lazily; it swished and swayed in his hand.

I looked away, embarrassed, and that's when I felt it, a droplet of his piss land smack in the middle of my forehead. It forced a funny sound from my mouth, a kind of a pinched gasp through my nose and I knew he was looking my way but I didn't dare make eye contact. He then heaved his bum out backwards and I heard him zip up.

I stood there, undone with mine in my hand, heard him walk out without even washing his hands. I slowly put myself away and zipped up, walked over to the mirror and looked in it. There it was still, a bright yellow splash of his piss smack bang in the middle of my forehead. My mouth was agape. My eyes were like bowls of fresh snow. What do I tell Linda later now?

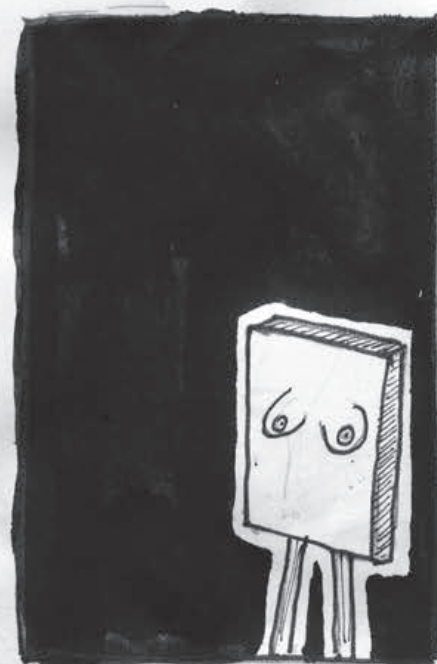
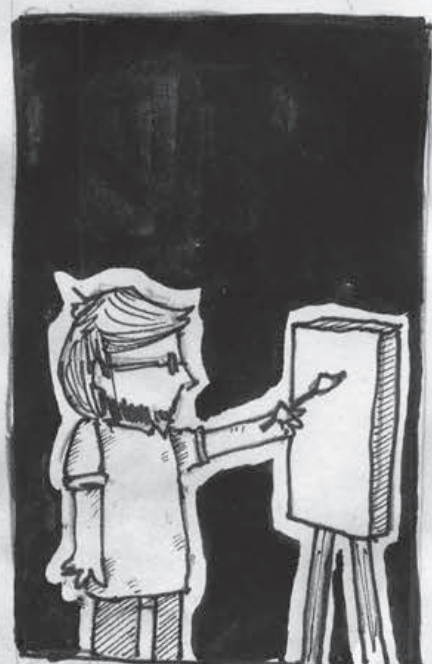
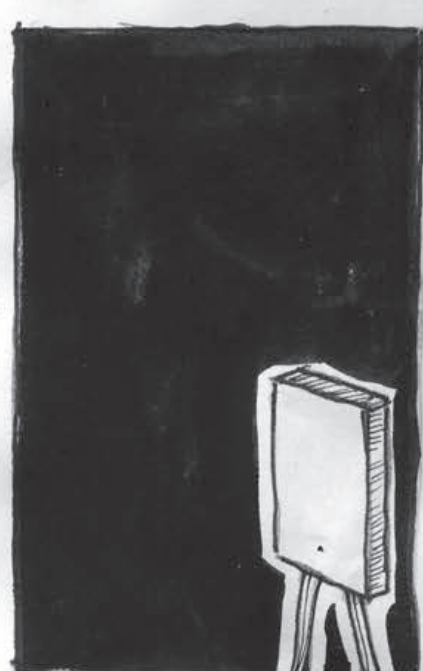
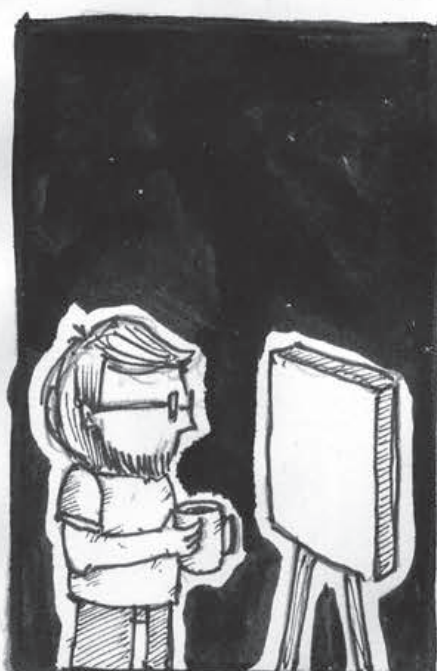
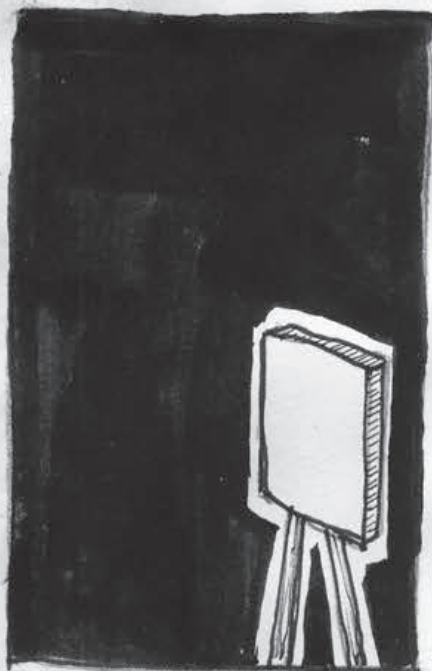
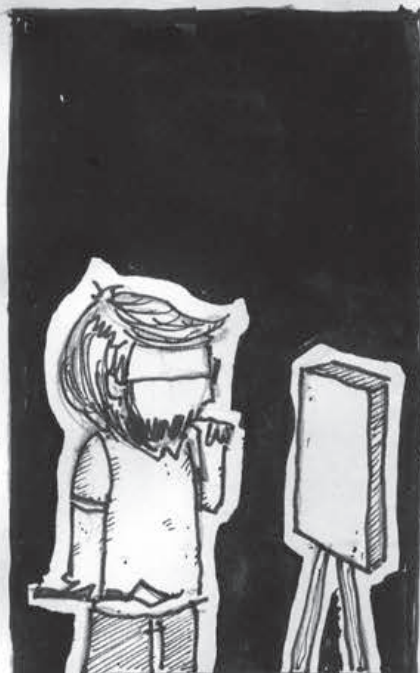
I left the toilet and walked back to the table, there she was, her hand up by her ear waving and grinning, a mountain of hot food on stainless steel platters. She stopped smiling as I neared the table, disconcerted obviously by my demeanour. "What's the matter, love, are you alright?" her painted nails closing around my wrist. "I've had a bit of turn in the toilet," I told her, mournfully, "It must have been that duck we had last night. I don't feel very well, can we just go home?"

She was obviously very, very disappointed, especially as she was really, really hungry.

STEVE SCOTT.

WRITING.

PAGE EIGHTEEN.



LORD BUNN HAS BEEN WORKING IN SHEFFIELD FOR MANY YEARS.

Perhaps best known for his 65daysofstatic artwork, Bunn has been active all over.

Working and exhibiting with the likes of Phlegm comic and Michael Latimer, as well as doing the art work for books such as 'Balloons to a Flame' written by our own M.D. Hudson.

Lord Bunn also runs Royal Stock - a rather fine independent t-shirt company.

Here's what he had to say to Now Then.

NT. BASICS, PLEASE, MR BUNN? WHAT STARTED YOU DRAWING?

I guess I could always knock together a decent doodle from an early age, people seemed to like what I drew... the usual. I then went to college and studied Art for A-Level which sucked any passion I had for it completely out of me. I literally didn't pick up a pencil for years afterwards. I wanted to draw stupid characters with massive faces, they told me not to... to paint a bowl of fruit. Fuckers.

Later on, I suppose it was the band 65daysofstatic who encouraged me - asking for t-shirt designs and the like. Seeing a simple sketch turn into people's fave t-shirt or whatever was an encouraging feeling.

NT. WHAT OTHER ARTISTIC MEDIA HAVE HAD AN EFFECT ON YOUR ART?

I've always been interested in graffiti... or Urban Art? (Yep.) I'll admit I was a bit of a bad lad when I was younger and sprayed all over my somewhat conservative and respected area of Swindon in addition to completely ruining every item of furniture in my bedroom with stolen markers from WH-Smiths...

These days I'm getting more into comic books, which is interesting as I'd never really given them much time. Yet a lot of my artwork has quite an 'underground' comic book feel to it.

NT. CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE PROCESS OF STARTING A NEW PIECE?

Until fairly recently, unless I'm working on something specific for a band or whoever, most of my work rarely ventures out of the doodle stage. If it's a t-shirt design, I'll usually have had an idea floating around for a while, so I'll maybe just draw it out straight onto the paper as it is, scan it, save it and I'm done.

My style, my work, is kinda scrappy. But in a good way, I think. I'm happy to leave in pencil lines - my line-work isn't perfect, I'll use old paintbrushes that haven't been properly cleaned, that kinda thing. I'm quite messy, but I'm happy with that really.

NT. WHAT WERE YOUR REASONS FOR STARTING ROYAL STOCK?

I work in a clothes shop and have done for years. You get to see so many t-shirt companies but I was getting increasingly annoyed that they were all trying to promote a fucking BRAND.

It was all about the name and success through it. I'd see these amazing designs shirts and not have a clue who the artist was.

This really bummed me out because whilst I'm not stupid - I understand how corporate art works (who gives a shit who drew what, essentially) - but I wanted to know who made the shirt, I wanted to visit their website and see what else they'd done.

So, with this in mind I set up Royal Stock in mid 2007. I wanted to put out great tees by great artists and try my hardest to make it about the designers, less about the company.

There have only been two shirts so far that have even said Royal Stock on them. Tees go out with original artwork by the artists and I have links and bios on the website.

If people buy a shirt, I hope they find out something about the artist that designed it. Maybe buy something of theirs too. That's sort of how I'd like it to work in an ideal world.

NT. LEND US A FEW EXTRA STEPS TO SHEFFIELD. IDEAL AFTERNOON?

Here's exactly what people should do. Get up, leave the house, walk to Netheredge. Go to The Old Sweet Shop and look at whatever local artist exhibition is on. You can buy a Royal Stock t-shirt from there if you like. After this, go to Cafe #9 just down the road and do the Guardian crossword.

They photocopy it so you don't even need to buy your own copy. Drink whatever you want, but get a cheese and onion toastie. It comes with 2 slices of cucumber and one single black olive.

After that, head into town to The Forum and check out Michael Lattimer's exhibition 'cos it's dead good. Then walk down to Toast - the new shop down the corridor (you can buy a Royal Stock t-shirt there too if you like!). But it's very nice, and it's new and it's actually trying to do something different in Sheffield. Pay a visit.

NT. WHAT OTHER ARTISTS DO YOU LIKE AND WHY? GIVE US YOUR BIGUPS.

I have equal parts admiration and jealousy for pretty much all Sheffield artists. We're a pretty small group of people and everyone knows each other and there is more than enough space for everyone to have a bit of grasp on the 'scene', but we're not like a collective as such, we all do our own thing and just get on with it.

I do like the fact that Dan (Phlegm Comic) and I swap artwork like Picasso etc did in the 1950s. It's got a nice feel to it, and I can't help feeling I'm getting a better deal out of it.

Outside of Sheffield, I'm loving the comic book artist, Adrian Tomine, Matt Sewell and Matt Gauck.

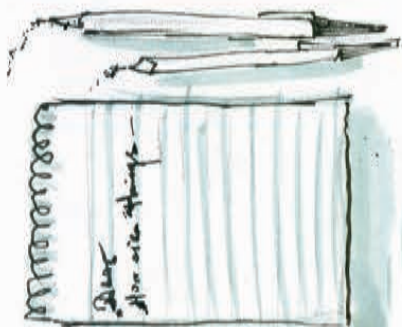
They're all pretty amazing. Check 'em out.

**MYSPACE.COM/LORDBUNN
ROYALSTOCK.CO.UK**

JAMES LOCK.

LORD BUNN.

LEAKY BIRDS



"WILLIAM, IT WAS REALLY
NOTHING" BY THE SMITHS



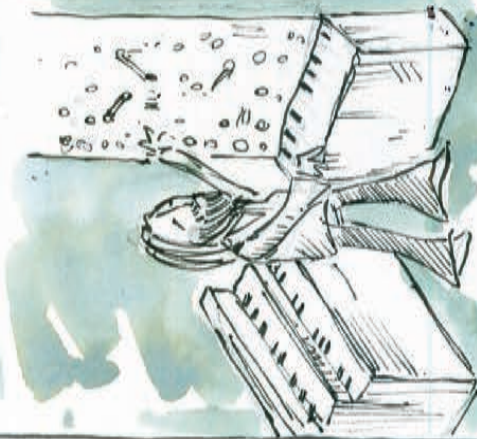
BREAKING THE SEAL ON A
JAR OF INSTANT COFFEE



quietly
pleasures
P.O. H. Co.

OR... THESE ARE A FEW
OF MY FAVOURITE THINGS

SYNTH/ORGAN HEAVY 1970s
PROGRESSIVE ROCK.



SHARPIE MARKER PENS



BEARDS AND MOST
VARIATIONS OF FACIAL HAIR



HITTING THE SNOOZE
BUTTON 3 TIMES. EVERY DAY.



WATCHING "THE WONDER
YEARS" ON VIDEOTAPE



A GOOD CASSEROLE



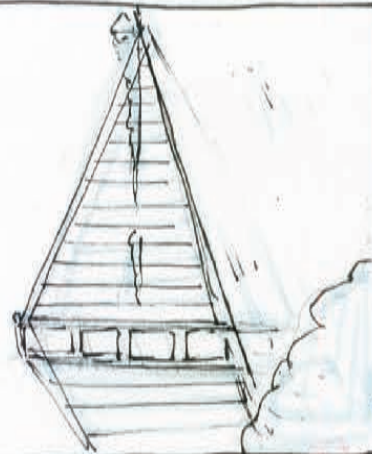
MY OLD AND INCREDIBLY
OUT OF DATE PHONE



BLACK + WHITE PHOTOBOOTH



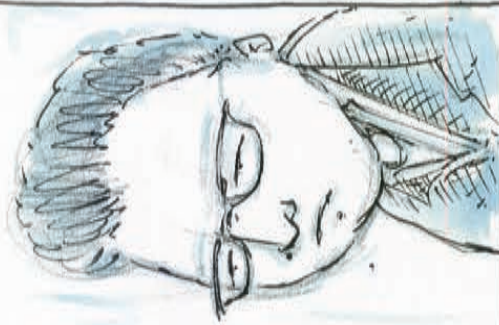
SAN FRANCISCO



KP DISCOS



MARK KERMODE...
(THIS LOOKS NOTHING LIKE HIM)



HAVING NOTHING TO DO.



LORD BUNN.

PAGE TWENTYTHREE.

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Threads .

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JONATHON FOSTER IS A LECTURER
IN JOURNALISM AT SHEFFIELD
UNIVERSITY.

BEFORE THAT HE WAS THE NORTH
OF ENGLAND CORRESPONDENT
FOR THE INDEPENDENT AND HAS
WORKED WITH THE SUNDAY TIMES
AND OBSERVER.

HE'S BROKEN MAJOR STORIES
ON POLICE AND CUSTOMS
CORRUPTION AND COVERED THE
RELEASE OF NELSON MANDELA.

ENJOY.

YOU ARE A CITIZEN OF A COUNTRY
WHOSE GOVERNMENT BOASTS OF
ITS "TRADITIONAL COMMITMENT
TO LIBERTY AND JUSTICE".

You are the parent of a child who died
in hospital. You don't know how your
child died, or why, or if anyone was to
blame. The accounts you were given by
the doctors, the nurses and the hospi-
tal have done nothing to dispel those
nagging worries. Could your child have
been saved?

And now, months after the funeral but
with the grief still raw, you're sitting,
baffled, in a coroner's court during an
inquest into your child's death.

There are lawyers in court to represent
the doctors and the nurses and the
hospital. Some of the doctors involved
in your tragedy are giving evidence as
if they were experts. But you are alone.
No lawyer.

You thought the inquest would answer
all your questions about why your child
died. You hoped you would learn who
was culpable, if anyone. But you were
wrong.

This hearing made you feel peripheral –
mere spectators at an irrelevant forum.
And your government says it wants
victims to be at the centre of its justice
system.

When they get around to it, the memory
of Kathleen Grundy should inspire min-
isters in the autumn when they compile
a parliamentary bill for the reform of
the coroners system. It may seem a
marginal, almost trivial aspect of the
justice system, but in many ways it is a
touchstone of New Labour's increasingly
implausible devotion to nurturing the
roots of liberty and justice.

Ten years ago, Mrs Grundy, 81, became
the 215th and final target of her murder-
ous family doctor, Harold Shipman. She
died from a lethal morphine injection
because the bureaucracy of mortality
was too feeble to detect a serial killer at
large for more than 20 years.

CORONERS.

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE..

WE AS SELECTED ACADEMICS TO RAISE THE BAR.



But that same apparatus for recording and investigating death remains intact today, despite unequivocal condemnation and near universal calls for reform. An independent public inquiry, the most refined forum of scrutiny, demanded a "complete break with the past" and replacement of the network of coroners with an "entirely different" structure.

Instead, ministers have so far proposed only one timid Coroners Bill that quickly expired under withering criticism. Will the next instalment be bolder? Will it remedy the defects that mean another Shipman could now be at large, according to the inquiry chairwoman, Dame Janet Smith?

Undetected homicides are just one shortcoming of the present system. The competence of coroners is patchy. Some, like the South Yorkshire coroner, are rigorous in their forensic work. Others are simply atrocious.

Coroners are a law unto themselves. It can be almost impossible to challenge their decisions, especially about how an inquest will be run. There have been occasions when coroners have refused stubbornly to hold a second inquest despite the emergence of compelling new evidence.

The Attorney-General can order a new inquest to be held - but the attorney enjoys virtual immunity from the legal scrutiny of a judicial review. So the only recourse for relatives whose quest for answers has been thwarted is a complaint to Jack Straw, the Minister for Justice. It is a system of accountability more monarchical than democratic.

It is no surprise that the bereaved often emerge from an inquest feeling betrayed. The evidence before the court is often sketchy because stark variations exist in the quality and scope of post mortem examinations. Some are incomplete. Some are plain sloppy.

Coroners should retain their historic independence. But it is wrong that, uniquely in the English system of justice, they are spared a system of checks and balances. The government's one belated attempt at reform so far did not resolve the paradox that undermines the effectiveness of coroners - they are public officials who can operate privately. And that paradox is a generic criticism of New Labour's Britain. So are private corporations that operate with the prerogatives of public officials.

Some clauses in the abandoned Coroners Bill - like the proposal that deaths should be investigated by the primary care trust - had the potential to make things even worse. Can hospitals be trusted to uncover their own blunders? None of the 90 deaths from clostridium difficile caused by a "litany" of errors at a Kent NHS trust was reported to the coroner.

The cause of all deaths should in future be established by a dual service of medical and judicial coroners supported by expert investigators, Dame Janet said. The reformed system should "meet the needs and expectations of the bereaved [and] detect cases of homicide, medical error and neglect". Shipman was never caught by the system of death certification or investigation. He got greedy. He forged Mrs Grundy's will and made himself her heir. Her daughter's suspicions - not those of a pathologist or coroner - unmasked the killer.

Doctors should be treated no differently from others whose mistakes lead to death and random cases should be investigated in depth. Lessons for public health could be learned from a more painstaking administration of death. Relatives should be able to hear the evidence of independent medical advisors, including specialist pathologists and toxicologists.

Lawyers whose clients have endured the present, flawed arrangements greeted Dame Janet's proposals. They have been powerless to prevent coroners exercising discretionary powers that lead to failure.

Independence should not mean, for example, the freedom to choose not to collect independent forensic evidence. It would be unacceptable in the civil or criminal courts, so why is it possible in inquests?

Meanwhile, ministers continue to argue that because inquests are not adversarial hearings there is no need for relatives to enjoy advice from a solicitor funded by legal aid. But legal expertise can often be the best if not the only way to discharge the function of an inquest - to explain a death. It's another example of coronial power without responsibility.

Legal advisers representing bereaved families would not confine themselves to examination of witnesses. They could contribute to a coherent hearing by collecting statements - for example from relatives who may have witnessed deterioration in the condition of a patient, or spoken to doctors or nurses.

In place of legal advice, ministers have offered families a charter. By contrast, the police, prison service, and doctors are often legally represented. Ranks of expensive lawyers of the calibre denied to relatives in most coroners' courts characterised the grotesque inquest into Princess Diana's death. Families at inquests into deaths of service personnel in Iraq and Afghanistan are confronted by ranks of expert lawyers representing the Ministry of Defence. It seems to them to be an imbalance.

The system, Dame Janet said, ignores relatives, "and that is really bad".

Shipman was never caught by the system of death certification or investigation. He got greedy. He forged Mrs Grundy's will and made himself her heir. Her daughter's suspicions - not those of a pathologist or coroner - unmasked the killer.

Detecting homicide, error or neglect is not like looking for a syringe in a haystack. It can be made efficient if ministers at last find the resolve.

The omens are discouraging. Ministers are lobbied by the ungrateful dead only in their nightmares. So pressure for change will be vicarious and dissipated - the bereaved, even the families of Shipman's 215-plus victims, form a feeble pressure group.

But in the criminal law, where Mr Straw and his colleagues feel more stressed, 'reforms' have created more than 3,000 new offences at the rate of almost one for every day since New Labour was elected in 1997 - twice the rate achieved under the Conservative governments of Margaret Thatcher and John Major. For most of the 20th century, governments were content to pass one criminal justice act per decade. The 2008 Criminal Justice Act is the 55th to receive the Royal Assent since Tony Blair became Prime Minister.

In the criminal courts, New Labour has also been busy. The presumption of innocence has now to be earned by those accused of criminal misdemeanour. Their previous convictions can be recited to impressionable jurors. Witnesses for the Crown can give their evidence from behind a mendacious cloak of anonymity. Hearsay evidence is, in some cases, admissible.

It is now illegal to sell grey squirrels, impersonate a traffic warden, offer Air Traffic Control services without a license or create a nuclear explosion. But the regime for investigating homicide, medical error and neglect in its many and various forms remains intact, many of its medieval features contributing to a system that conceals misdemeanour, ignores the citizen but protects the Crown and its servants. It is, in Dame Janet's words, really bad.

New Labour's reforms amount to frantic fatwas aimed at social ills, reinforced by new investigative guidelines and strategic deployment of press releases. Far from strengthening liberties and extending justice, it takes the view that what we don't know about our family doctors, our hospitals, our jails - what we don't know about death - can't harm us. And most menacing of all, New Labour believes it is the government that dispenses rights, not the people in whom rights are vested.

JOHNATHON FOSTER.

FEED YOUR HEAD.

THIS MONTH JOHNATHON FOSTER ON THE BRITISH CORONER SYSTEM.

PAGE TWENTYSIX.

dulo summer heat! july..



thursdays: deadpan..funk, soul, rock & alternative
vibes from swain & t-rex

...except on the 10th we have dub in the pub from dubcentral

fridays: deep pockets..a soul sonic force brought to ya
by monkz from small arms

saturdays

5th: soul in the city bring ya the finest in hip hop soul and
r&b from l/ & lady d

12th: sharrow festival official after party brought to ya
by the shakedown posse

19th: urban gorilla summer bbq. ug residents bring ya some summer madness

26th: society birthday special with solid state and some very specil guests

sunday 13th: opus bring you live summer sessions

for their once a month prescription

sunday 20th: red cloud studios here to entertain ya with acoustic soul

dulo. 17 cemetery road, sheff. 0114 2739392
get involved



PHOTO - NICK DEL'NERO.



Success in the music industry is usually marked out by throngs of adoring fans, airtime on Radio 1 and your face on the cover of NME.

Achieving all this however, usually means signing a major record deal which also usually means signing away a lot of agency over your music and the way in which you are promoted.

It seems strange to me then that this should be the main goal for young musicians. Why at such a formative stage in a young musician's life, should they be so keen to give up their creative control over not only their commercial commodity but their love, passion and life's work?

Perhaps in these times only figures with six digits behind them can satisfy the desires of aspiring musicians, but why should this be so? In many careers, aspirations are not so high and earning a decent salary, i.e. being able to supporting yourself, is enough.

In the modern music industry, independent agency over unsigned music has never been better. Myspace, mp3s and promotional vehicles such as facebook have opened the industry up, putting the power back into the artist's hands. Never before has it been easier to build up a following.

By owning your own recordings, booking your own gigs and selling records online and at live shows, bands can quickly take control of their own destiny. Furthermore, if you turn out to be quite good at this other bands will want to join forces and soon enough you can create your own scene, bringing several bands fans to the same venue and filling it. This money, if spent correctly can help perpetuate your band.

Book your own tours, do your own promo, make use of your local contacts for recordings and videos, more often than not there is someone talented sat on the table next to you. They may not be a record executive for Sony or BMG but they might just be a wicked designer, producer or promoter who can help you.

I am not saying that this is a quick and easy route to international stardom. What I am trying to say is that international stardom is hard to come by but there are other ways to make a career from your music aside from signing that big deal.

Local success can make you money and money should not be sniffed at, especially when you can make it by doing what you love.

Take control.

REG REGLER.

SOUNDCHECK.

PEACE IN THE PARK.

14TH JUNE.
@
THE
PONDEROSA.

Peace in the Park is an annual arts festival aimed at raising money for charities whilst providing an exciting and free cultural event for the city. This year promised to be the biggest yet and a move across the city to The Ponderosa in Upperthorpe, the largest green space in central Sheffield, meant that a new area could be touched by the wealth of excitement that this event brings.

People across Sheffield spent the preceding days checking weather forecasts nervously as it looked more and more likely that rain would arrive on Saturday and put a dampener on proceedings, but when this reviewer arrived at the impressive sweep of the Ponderosa and looked down to the main stage, the sun was gleaming off the tower blocks lining the park and The Lazy Tree Surgeons were starting one of the afternoons first sets. Playing a warming blend of Jazz and Funk perfectly suited to summer days, the band played enthusiastically despite a small crowd, and by the end of the set people were on their feet swaying and smiling in the sunlight.

Heading up the hill there were stalls with representatives of many religions setting a good example and existing peacefully side by side with one another, as well as campaign organisations, healing areas and a plethora of places selling examples of cuisine from across the world. Further up was the DJ Tent where Bass and Time were spinning out eclectic sets with everything from Brazilian beats to bassline house represented.

At one point a crowd of toddlers danced without inhibitions alongside an old couple whilst a crowd of picnickers looked on delighting at the way the festival was bringing people together. Opus Creations had booked a fine variety of performers for the acoustic tent. Of particular merit was Paul Pearson, a stalwart of the Sheffield pub scene with a unique and heart melting way of delivering a ballad, who rose to the occasion with a brilliant set of songs by an interesting and obscure blend of British songwriters. Also good were Liverpool based The Random Family, whose musicianship and soothing harmonies almost silenced the tent at points despite the fact that a bass heavy soundsystem delivered some of their more subtle moments less than perfectly.

So to two main stage highlights, the first of whom were I-Witness. The only complaint that one can have about the Sheffield reggae outfit is that they don't play out enough, but after a blistering set at the hottest point of the afternoon it seems that they may have just been practicing.

Once a slightly scruffy act, I-Witness have developed into a band with a seriously tight rhythm section, seductive female vocals and a bunch of Sheffield's most familiar MC's who struck up a special rapport with the home crowd. Old and young of all backgrounds could be seen bouncing to the warming rhythms and exalting in the fact that they all had this music in common- I-Witness have an unmistakably Sheffield sound.

Bison, who were the other highlight I was talking about, share this. The massive ska outfit, who currently have eleven members, have had a busy year writing and recording their new album which is full of witty tales about life in the steel city, and they struck a chord with several thousand onlookers as the sun began to set behind Crookes. With great stage presence, a swaggering brass section and some ridiculously fast and choppy breakdowns they had Sheffield skanking long after the scheduled finish time of 8pm and provided a memorable end to a friendly festival that showed many people why Sheffield is called England's biggest village as well as being its fourth largest city.

This festival showed that Sheffield is a special city, and shout outs must go to all involved in the organisation from promoters to police. Most of all though, they must go to the people of Sheffield. There are few places where a trouble free event involving thousands could be held with such a small police presence. Sheffield is a peaceful city and it's thanks to its community spirit that it remains that way. Peace in the Park 2008 reinforced this admirably.

At about 3am in a secret location in the peak district several hundred revellers reconvened to watch the sunrise and to dance through the morning to three soundsystems full of music. It was an inspiring event that showed the spirit of the free party is far from dead. Those who organised and played out did a fantastic job and people were still dancing away when a group of Sunday ramblers strolled accidentally into the middle of proceedings late in the morning. Special thanks go to the litter pickers who cleared up the area despite many having been awake for over 24 hours.

BEN DOREY.

SOUNDCHECK.

PAGE TWENTYNINE.

PEACE IN THE PARK.

More information about the charities Peace in The Park 2008 supported can be found at the following websites
peaceinthepark.org.uk benscentre.wordpress.com ccll.org.uk/sheffield/index_files/Page355.htm artinthepark.org.uk/

HEADSTART.

**14TH MAY.
@
THE HARLEY.**

The Harley was packed to the brim as we all waited in anticipation for the first band 'Pocket Satellite' to open the Head.Start competition final.

From the first spine tingling notes of 'We Chased Soldiers', their Head.Start CD song, 'Pocket Satellite' captured us in their irresistible melodic happiness. Singer Maya beautifully executed every note, as the audience exchanged glances; we knew we were experiencing something special.

'The Magi' clearly had a huge fan base present coming on stage to chants of 'Magi Magi'. Heavily influenced by The Pixies their catchy riffs and sing along lyrics whipped the crowd into a right mini mosh pit down the front.

'La Folie' were out and out rock with a hint of humor, mixing dramatic drum rolls and a screaming vocal with experimental circus-esque keyboard instrumentals.

But winners 'Paddy Orange Project' stole the show. There wasn't a body in the house that could keep from rocking out to the witty lyrics, relentless riffs and mind blowing voice of Sophie Bramley-West during 'Bend Those Rules'.

Paddy Orange Project have won a photo shoot, 3 days in a leading Manchester Studio, 1,000 7" singles and a single release tour, all courtesy of Harley Live and competition sponsors Bench.

ALICE CARDER.

SPLAYD FESTIVAL.

**24TH MAY
@
SHAKESPEARE.**

If ever there were a blueprint to breathe life into the flagging British boozer, the inaugural Splayd festival provided it.

I arrived late afternoon on spring bank Saturday to find the pub's congested courtyard buzzing with a blazing BBQ, micro market offering wears and wares from t-shirts to chutney. Oh, and some heavily wiggled out psychedelic music from the DJ corner. I was promised three days of folk music and beyond. This must have been the beyond bit!

One fucking great burger later, I'm ushered upstairs by the festival's resident compere and poet Paul Collins. I find a space transformed into a lounge from the 1970s.

The stage is cosily decorated with wallpaper and standard lamps. There's scarcely enough room for the wiry frames of Champion Kickboxer who sound brilliant, fully living up to the compere's hearty big-up with their four part harmonies and intricate guitar work. Everything across the venue has been thought out and a very well mannered clientele help even the nerviest performer excel.

The Man of the Match is bagged by second on the bill David Thomas Broughton. Backed by string led ensemble, the sound is an amalgamation of looped guitar, improvised noises and a larynx that might have been stolen from Antony Hegarty. Delicate and compelling sonic montages are pieced together. Broughton punctuates his performance with ironic rock poses and ventures into the audience where unnerving glances are exchanged with a spellbound public. A welcome shot in the arm for the Sheffield music scene and another triumph for buzz spot the Shakespeare. I look forward to more.

PUTTA BLOCK.

THE PRODIGY.

**16TH MAY
@
PLUG.**

Since their formation and first releases in the early 90s, The Prodigy have been an uncompromising act.

Eighteen years on and with a new album in the making, they are still one of the most vital and exciting live bands you will ever see.

Liam, Keith and Maxim, with the support of live members Rob Holliday (Guitar) and Leo Crabtree (Drums) seethed with energy as they threw themselves into an intense set with a new tune, 'Worlds on Fire'. Then came the anthemic 'Breathe', 'Their Law', 'Spitfire' and the debut of the second new song, 'Warriors Dance'. This was one of the highlights of the night - reminiscent of proper old school rave, with a female vocal sample coupled with a gut-churning D'n'B bassline.

The set included a good selection of the last three albums, with only 'Out Of Space' making an appearance for Experience. With the addition of two new songs and heartfelt shout-outs from Keith and Maxim, this was truly a special night.

Not many big bands will play shows like this. It may have been four years since their last studio release but make no mistake, The Prodigy are as good as ever.

Roll on the new album.

PAUL RILEY.

SOUND CHECK.



HARDKANDY. SECOND TO NONE.

MYSFACE.COM/
HARDKANDYMUSIC

Hardkandy is the brainchild of Brighton-based producer Tim Bidwell (whose previous credits include Peggy Sue and the Pirates, Jono McCleery, Terry Callier and iTunes chart-topper Kate Walsh; he also runs indie folk label Folklaw with Ninjatunes's Fink).

The amalgamation of soul, blues and funk is nothing new, in fact you would be hard pressed to find a modern album that paid tribute to one and not the others. Hardkandy's 'Second To None' is heavily informed by each of these genres but thanks to Tim Bidwell's superb production the album avoids the generic sound of its peers. It is always a worry when a producer brings out their own album that they will be tempted to jump from behind the desk and onto the mic; thankfully Bidwell has avoided this particular pitfall and has drafted in some of the UK's finest vocal talent to appear on the record.

Seany Clarke has taken time out of his solo career to front Hardkandy and appears on half of the album.

At the higher end of his vocal range Clarke becomes extremely reminiscent of funk pioneer Curtis Mayfield (nowhere is this more obvious than on 'Overkill' where the spirit of Mayfield's 'Pusherman' can clearly be felt).

Other guests include guitarist Martin Harley and singer/songwriters Nikolas Barrell and Laura Vane. The real beauty of this album is Bidwell's ability to suit music to each singer's style; 'The Good and the Bad' makes good use of Barrell's wistful drawl whilst 'Hey Lover' sees Vane bringing a rich jazzy influence that contrasts well against the falsetto of Seany Clarke that dominates most of the other songs. Bidwell's talent is perhaps most evident on the two instrumental tracks. 'Dunks' shows a nod towards both Latin jazz and Donald Byrd whilst 'Moochin' would not sound out of place on a Blue Note records anthology.

I don't think you will be disappointed...

MARC JEROME.



FIRST WORD RECORDS SYLLABLES VOL.3

FIRSTWORDRECORDS.COM

First Word Records have released a new E.P for the summer, and they promise it's "killer". The first track is 'Don't Know About That', a Dirty Diggers tune which Kldkanevil has given a very interesting reworking. Taking inspiration from European and Asian sounds, the main instrumentation comes from an offbeat accordion and a pitched down tabla which goes where you'd expect to find a kickdrum and provides a mind bending heavyweight bass line.

Next up is Mike L's 'Schrodinger's Scat'. A jazz infused affair that lies somewhere between Madlib and Mr Scruff.

The song is produced originally using various instrumental samples in unpredictable ways that create dissonant and delicate layers of melody, providing the mind with some pleasure as the body grooves to a beat that is big enough for a club.

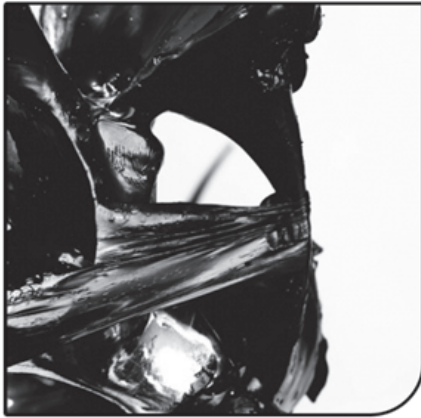
Andy H's 'Kick Kick' is the next offering and it starts promisingly, with a mashed up selection of beats leading into a VERY heavy bassline drop. This one has already gone down well on dancefloors across Yorkshire and will continue to do so, but it must be said that there's not really enough here to entertain for four minutes outside the club setting.

The final track is from Testament's Homecut and could be the best track on the EP. 'Night At The Fayre' is a brooding piece of Uk Hip Hop with discordant guitar and Latin-American percussion backing up good lyrics that flow well around the beat. The addition of a bass guitar line almost half way through the song gives it unexpected weight and keeps the interest high right through to the end.

All in all another good offering from Yorkshire's best hip hop label and one that deserves to see more dancefloor exposure than some of their more recent offerings.

BEN DOREY.

REVIEWS.



FLYING LOTUS. LOS ANGELES.

WARP.COM
MYSPACE.COM/FLYINGLOTUS

The highly anticipated second release from Flying Lotus on Warp Records was finally released in June.

Los Angeles is a mesmerising journey of rich soundscapes and electronic beauty which more than justifies the hype surrounding this exciting producer.

In a Hip Hop climate so regularly flooded with albums full of singles and fillers it is refreshing to hear a composition where the overall feel and flow has been given more priority than individual tracks.. Anyone familiar with Fly Lo's live sets will feel right at home with this release which could so easily pass as a beautifully crafted mix tape.

Stand out tracks include the mighty 'GNG BNG' showcasing exquisite bhangra flavoured percussion which leads into a tearing aural bass and drum assault, 'Sleepy Dinosaur' launches into a disjointed but highly catchy hook comprising of electronic glitches and finely cut samples. 'RobertaFlack' featuring Dolly gives anyone who found themselves hooked to 'Tea Leaf Dancers' on previous Warp release - Reset E.P. what they have long since craved - beautiful vocal work accompanied by rich electronic progression.

Released on the mighty fine Warp Records this album proves that the label aren't just on top of their game they're ahead...

JACK HUDSON.



WATCH THIS FIRE SPREAD.

MYSPACE.COM/
WATCHTHISFIRESREAD

Approaching this album with all the suspicion one would usually reserve for an emo band, this reviewer was totally baffled to find not an angst ridden record as the band name Watch This Fire Spread might suggest but instead, an album full of competence grace and harmonic beauty.

The piano driven opener 'Reverberate' sings out boldly, showcasing the vocal qualities of both Louis Romegoux and Gina Walters, a trait that carries the record throughout. Other standout moments come from tracks, 'Light The Way', Walters vocals again shining brightly, and 'Watch This Fire Spread' where the subtle trumpet accompaniment complements the natural melodies wonderfully.

As with most full length albums, Picture House Soul suffers a little from over stretching itself, however, Watch This Fire Spread have resisted that all to easy pitfall of longing out their songs and the epic quality of their music is driven home powerfully enough in three minute tracks, the hallmark of an assured group.

The production quality on this record is outstanding; no doubt a factor contributed by Sheffield's production master, Alan Smyth's mix down.

All in all I was surprised and impressed by this record and can offer no other advise than to go and listen to it for yourselves.

REG REGLER.



iITAL tEK. CYCLICAL.

PLANET-MU.COM
/ARTISTS/ITALTEK

Brighton boy iITAL tEK is making a name for himself. Aside from appearing on Evangeline, the new Mary Anne Hobbs compilation, his debut album seems to be turning a few heads, carving out its own niche somewhere between electronica and dubstep.

The eerie atmospheres and strange rhythms of Cyclical align iITAL tEK quite neatly with producers like Shackleton and Burial. The bass is important in setting up the ambience of each track but the layered melodies are what will keep you coming back. 'Red Sky' and 'Deep Pools', perhaps the album's best offerings, are based around airy piano loops that give the illusion of simplicity - an illusion soon shattered by intricate, chopped-up beats. At the other end of the spectrum, 'Versus' and 'Bloodline' will knock your head off.

Despite its heavier moments, Cyclical is clearly more tailored towards the armchair than the dance floor. It doesn't rely on drops like most dubstep, instead establishing a rhythm or pattern that is immediately twisted, broken and glued back together.

It's this cut-and-paste approach to genre and style that makes Cyclical such an interesting listen and iITAL tEK such a promising producer.

SAM WALBY.

REVIEWS.



QUANTIC.

FLOWERING INFERNO'S "DEATH OF THE REVOLUTION" IS WILL HOLLAND'S (AKA QUANTIC) 10TH LP SINCE 2002. AND HE'S NOT EVEN 30. SO WHEN HE MOVED TO COLOMBIA YOU'D BE FORGIVEN FOR THINKING HE WANTED TO PUT HIS FEET UP FOR A BIT. NO CHANCE. EVER HAD THAT FEELING THAT THERE WAS JUST TOO MUCH EXCITING MUSIC OUT THERE TO ACTUALLY FIT INTO YOUR LIFE? MAYBE THIS INFORMS QUANTIC'S WORK-RATE.

Probably best known for his Quantic Soul Orchestra funk/soul projects, a less lazy dig in his back catalogue shows that his influences and productions spread far and wide. This latest project continues from his more Latin-influenced recent releases and drops an album of dub, drenched in the sounds of Colombia.

Not the first Roast Beef musical voyager to be intrigued by the possibilities of Colombia's rich musical culture (check Sidestepper too), Will's chosen a good place in Cali. Amongst other things, Colombia's third city is famous for its nightlife, salsa music and its beautiful women. I caught up with him (sadly for me, not in Cali...) to chat about the first and second of these things....

COLOMBIA IS A COUNTRY THAT MANY PEOPLE HAVE PRE-CONCEPTIONS ABOUT. MANY PEOPLE WOULD MENTION CIVIL WAR, COCAINE AND SALSA! WHAT HAS BEEN YOUR EXPERIENCE OF IT?

My experience has been very good. Colombia is not without its troubles but it is a beautiful country with a lot of opportunity. The people are some of the warmest, kind-hearted I've met.

HOW DID YOU GET INTO CUMBIA AND WHY THE MOVE?

I got into it around 4 or 5 years ago whilst looking for records in Puerto Rico. Cumbia is a very broad genre and that accounts for the thousands of records made. That said, not many of these, except the more popular ones, really got over to Europe or out of Colombian borders. I wanted to live there to experience more of that music and more importantly, learn about it from the people who made it.

NAME SOME OF THE TYPES OF MUSIC THERE ARE IN COLOMBIA...

Well aside from cumbia, which is a part of the Vallenato family (country music from the Valledupar region) there is also Curulao from the pacific coast, bullerengue, champeta and many more.

Colombia's musical heritage is multi-faceted and pretty endless - it might take me a few lifetimes to really know what's going on!

YOU'VE COLLABORATED WITH MANY COLOMBIAN MUSICIANS RECENTLY. HOW HAS THAT COME ABOUT?

I have worked extensively with pianist Alfredo Linares - he is actually from Peru but has resided in Cali for some time. I also recently got introduced to Fruko (Cali salsa LEG-END). I hope to do something with him in the future. In Cali, the trouble is not finding good musicians, the trouble is finding hours in the day to record with them.

THREE BENEFITS OF BEING IN COLOMBIA AND THREE THINGS YOU MISS ABOUT THE UK....

1. Fresh tropical fruit on demand.
2. A non-expensive good standard of living.
3. ¡La música!

1. Good honest man's cheese - a cheddar would do.
2. Being offered a cup of tea by other people.
3. Neighbours (joke).

HOW HAS YOUR MUSIC BEEN RECEIVED OVER THERE?

Well, actually, very well. This was a side of my move that I have much under-estimated. I think I have had a positive effect on the Cali scene.

I have a regular party there and attract a good amount of people who want to hear some outside sounds.

THE FLOWERING INFERNO ALBUM FEELS LIKE A NATURAL PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT STYLES REPRESENTED. HOW DID THE IDEA COME ABOUT?

I had moved house earlier in the year. I had builders in, preparing the studio, and as always had to wait a while. So, I set up my piano and laptop in the living room and started putting down rhythm tracks. I found the simplicity of the setup quite liberating; instead of multiple options to play with, I had very few.

COLOMBIANS ARE RENOWNED FOR BEING GOOD DANCERS. YOU FELT THAT INFLUENCE?

Well, I try to go dancing regularly. Cali has a lot of good bars which play classic cumbia, tropical and of course salsa. I have heard many records in those places that I have gone on to buy in shops for my own DJ sets. I also like to hear what parts affect you on the dancefloor. From a musical point of view, this definitely has an effect on my own music.

TELL US ABOUT SOME OF THE ARTISTS YOU HAVE MET IN COLOMBIA THAT WE SHOULD ALL KNOW ABOUT...

Well I recommend checking Cho-quitown, Bahia Trio, what else?... Maybe some of Alfredo Linares' records from the 60s or 70s. Pacific coast Colombian music is really very interesting too, but that whole industry is very infantile. I hope that we'll hear more productions in the coming years.

WHAT'S NEXT THEN?

Working on more QSO stuff, a second volume from Flowering Inferno and maybe even a Quantic album at some point.

Quantic presenta Flowering Inferno "Death of the Revolution" is released on Tru Thoughts Recordings on 14th July.

CHRIS WELCH.

OUR MAN IN CALI.

IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS, a multi-million dollar advertising campaign has won a whole generation of music lovers over to iProducts. They are so engrained in popular culture that most people don't think twice about calling an MP3 player an iPod, nor do they think twice about where they get their legal downloads. But what's wrong with iTunes? And if it's so bad, what are the alternatives?

Allow me to make an observation. You wouldn't buy a CD that only played on a certain brand of CD player. Why, then, are so many people happy to buy a file that will only play on Apple music players? iTunes' AAC format has triumphed, but only because most people are ignorant of its digital rights management (DRM) restrictions and have been scared half-to-death by the apparent implications of illegal downloading. Its wacky-yet-aggressive, youth-oriented advertising equates legal downloads with consumer freedom whilst snatching away some very basic liberties - under their 'FairPlay' system a file bought from the iTunes shop can be played on a maximum of five computers. So let's recap - you're paying for a far-from-perfect quality, digitally-restricted file that will only play on Apple players and a limited number of computers. FairPlay?! I think not.

This is where Bleep comes in.

Bleep.com was initially started to distribute the Warp Records back catalogue, but soon grew to encompass hundreds of independent labels, including Ninja Tune, Planet Mu, Rough Trade and XL. In stark comparison to iTunes, one glance at Bleep's FAQ will show you how forward-thinking their approach to downloading is: 'Bleep files have no DRM or copy protection built-in - we strongly believe that people should be treated as customers and not potential criminals.' OK, at least someone is being rational here.

After all, why should customers - and let's remember, that is what they are - pay for a worse version of a product they can just as easily pirate for free? Not only does Bleep give its customers full control over a file they've bought, but it also promises that after expenses the artist gets half of the profit.

Now that's fair play.

When it first opened, Bleep offered MP3s of variable bitrates (a good balance of quality and file size), but now it offers a choice between 320kbs MP3 (almost no loss to sound quality in comparison to a CD) and FLAC (completely lossless). Four years since it opened its digital doors it now hosts a wide variety of independent music from all around the world, available to preview in full before purchase, plus exclusive content and pre-release downloads, such as the new Four Tet EP, Ringer.

The only problem with Bleep is that it only offers independently-labelled music. This is all well and good for music fascists like myself; I can get almost everything I need from Bleep or Beatport, another DRM-free, legal download site. But what about chart music? In that department iTunes doesn't just have the majority of the market - it is the market. There is no competition whatsoever. Once the euphoric novelty of downloading wears off and people become more educated about the restrictions being imposed upon them they will look for alternatives.

But until then?

Use ethical, customer-friendly services like Bleep or Beatport or just buy the CD and copy it onto your computer. Voila - completely legal, unrestricted files at the same price. And you've got a nice, shiny, old-fashioned CD too.

SAM WALBY.

BLEEP vs. ITUNES.

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gigs

Thu 3rd Jul - £6 adv - 7pm *
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+ HITOMI + THE UNDECIDED + SUPPORT
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THE FUCKWITS, AUGUST 80 & PROTEX BLUE
PLAYING CLASH NUMBERS

+ REPOMEN
+ THE FUCKWITS + FANG CLUB

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+ DEAD SWANS + YOUR DEMISE

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+ THE DAGOBAB 4 + THE HYENAS

Sat 12th Jul - £10 adv - 7pm *#

RED SPAROWES

+ MONTANA + BRONTIDE

Thu 17th Jul - £10 adv - 7pm *

CONVERGE

+ INTEGRITY + COLISEUM
+ CENTURIONS GHOST

Thu 24th Jul - £6 adv - 7pm *

JOHNNY TRUANT

+ BLACKHOLE + BURY TOMORROW
+ WHILE SHE SLEEPS

Fri 25th Jul - £8 adv - 7pm *#

THE ACACIA STRAIN

+ ANNOTATIONS OF AN AUTOPSY
+ KNIGHTS OF THE ABYSS

Sat 26th July - £5 on the door - 7pm *#

FLATLINE

+ TIANENMEN + LANDFILLS + ANNA HAIGH

Fri 1st Aug - £4 adv - 7pm *#

KIK (ROCKSCAR ALBUM LAUNCH)

+ SUPPORT

Sat 2nd Aug - £14 adv - 7pm *#

COMBICHRIST

+ SPECIAL GUESTS

Thu 7th Aug - £9 adv - 7pm *#

THE ICARUS LINE

+ LUSTRA + SUPPORT

Sat 9th Aug - £5 adv - 7pm *#

SILVERJET

+ DIRTY CHERUBS + IN THE NAME OF

Sun 17th Aug - £12.50 adv - 7pm *

CLUTCH

+ SUPPORT

Sat 30th Aug - £10 adv - 7pm *#

NEVILLE STAPLE

(EX THE SPECIALS) + SUPPORT

Tue 2nd Sep - £12.50 adv - 5.30pm *

SUMMER SLAUGHTER UK TOUR 2008

SUICIDE SILENCE

+ AS BLOOD RUNS BLACK + ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

+ THE BERZERKER + BORN OF OSIRIS

+ ANNOTATIONS OF AN AUTOPSY

Sat 6th Sept - £11 adv - 7pm *#

BACKYARD BABIES

+ SUPPORT

Wed 10th Sep - £13 adv - 7pm *#

MESHUGGAH

+ SPECIAL GUESTS

Sat 20th Sep - £15 adv - 7pm *#

Y&T

+ GLYDER + SUPPORT

Sat 27th Sept - £11 adv - 7pm *#

DIARY OF DREAMS

+ SUPPORT

Tue 30th Sep - £13 adv - 5.30pm *

HELL ON EARTH TOUR 2008

WALLS OF JERICHO

+ EVERGREEN TERRACE + CATARACT

+ ANIMOSITY + THE RED CHORD

+ THE DESTINY PROGRAM

Thu 9th Oct - £7.50 adv - 7pm *

THIS WILL DESTROY YOU

+ LYMBYC SYSTEM + SUPPORT

Sat 11th Oct - £tba - 7pm *#

REAPER

+ SUPPORT

Sat 18th Oct - £10 adv - 7pm *#

COLONY 5

+ CYBERCIDE + PROTOTYPE

Thu 13th Nov - £14 adv - 5.30pm *

ALTAMONT NEVER SAY DIE TOUR 2008

PARKWAY DRIVE /

UNEARTH

+ DESPISED ICON + ARCHITECTS

+ PROTEST THE HERO

+ WHITECHAPEL + CARNIFEX

Fri 14th Nov - £13 adv - 7pm *#

DUB PISTOLS

+ SUPPORT

Sat 22nd Nov - £8 adv - 7pm *#

WAYSTED

+ SUPPORT

Sat 29th Nov - £tba - 7pm *#

DREADZONE

+ SUPPORT

Sat 20th Dec - £12 - 7pm *#

BAD MANNERS

+ SUPPORT



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PAGE THIRTYSIX.



**OPUS
LISTEN**
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@THE GREEN ROOM
DIVISION STREET

**OPUS
ONCE A MONTH**
2ND SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH
@DULO, CEMETERY ROAD

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SOUNDS**
EVERY THURSDAY 1-2PM
ON SHEFFIELD LIVE - 93.2FM
SHEFFIELDLIVE.ORG

Number 4.

The power to change yourself is the power to change existence. The power to change existence is a gift, and one which we must fulfill with nobility and compassion.

Is this about turning your light switches off, or loving your neighbour like family? Is this about riding your bike more, or only buying your coffee fair trade? Is this about individual will power and self discipline? Is this about getting fit in the Summer even? The answer is a little bit... yes.. and yet no, not entirely.

For me broader terms must be used. Do not all issues have a common denominator in individual choice, or at least in an individuals perception of choice? It seems clear to me that an individuals existence is embodied in the responsibilities and choices they make throughout.

The most important aspect in this process of effect must be to get to a point in our society where as individuals we enjoy our choices and we're happy with their outcomes. For if we did the world might stand a chance of being the way we want it, have Chosen it you might even say.

I say these things because it is our choices and what we take on as our responsibilities that in a hundred years time will be used to describe our effect on the planet. What you stood for. What we all stood for.

Will it be Global Warming?
The Millennium Eye?
Celebrity brainwashing?
42 day detention perhaps?
Or even something good...
What do you think?

Opus is about information and facilitation. Get involved in this publication, get involved in Opus, voice your thoughts and act on those thoughts. There are plenty of important issues you can make a difference with just by putting your name to a petition. Think what else you could choose to do.

Here's the history for newcomers...

Opus Creations arrived in Sheffield three years ago with the aim of effecting positive social change through arts based projects. Opus stands for something different; in a society where the instant, catchy and corporate seem to be dominant, we seek the positive and the deliberate.

We support independence and free thinking wherever it may be found. We support community and the notion that each individual should have complete control over his or her own choices. We support responsibility.

More to the point, Opus supports action, doing.

Since operating in Sheffield we have had the good fortune to be involved in hundreds of live music events for charities and communities, as well as with unsigned and independently labelled artists from across Sheffield and the UK. Opus puts on a variety of events showcasing anything from poetry and narrative to laptop trickery, DJs and live bands. It is a policy of ours to make our gigs as cheap and accessible as possible. We currently promote four regular events in different venues around Sheffield city.

Opus is an organisation which aims to provoke social change. We believe that by informing and motivating an awareness or experience of artistic expressions, styles, and philosophies you can encourage an individual to positively affect themselves and their surrounding environments or communities.

Opus currently operates a small studio and set of rehearsal rooms called Studio 45. We also run a design, print and distribution service called Bad Monkey and host a weekly radio show on Sheffield Live (Thursday 1-2pm, 93.2fm) Have a listen.

Thank you again to everyone who has provided thought or effect in our direction this month - you know who you are and it is sincerely appreciated.

**SHOWROOM
CINEMA**



A COMPLETE HISTORY OF MY SEXUAL FAILURES.

AT SHOWROOM
FROM FRIDAY 27 JUNE

DIR. CHRIS WAITT | 2008 | UK
1HR 34MINS | CERT 18

Produced by Sheffield's own Warp Films, Chris Waitt's documentary follows one lonely man's attempt to fix a broken love life. He's been dumped by every single one of his girlfriends and he's trying to understand why. One even wrote a book, dedicated to him, in which the boyfriend character is brutally murdered. Others have just done the deed by text or e-mail.

But it hurts just as much...

Showroom is located opposite the railway station on Paternoster Row - have a look at the map on the back.

0114 275 7727
SHOWROOM.ORG.UK

OPUS.

PAGE THIRTYSEVEN.

WHAT WE ARE UP TO IN YOUR NECK OF THE WOODS.

THIS IS THE LIFESTYLE SECTION
OF NOW THEN.

LIFESTYLE IS ABOUT PERSONAL
CHOICE. THE CHOICE TO ACT
INDEPENDENTLY AND BRING
YOUR OWN CHARACTER TO
YOUR ACTIONS SHOULD BE
CELEBRATED.

WE'LL BE EXPLORING THE BEST
OF THE UNDERRATED AND
OVERLOOKED INDEPENDENT
TRADERS AND COMMUNITY
GROUPS HERE IN SHEFFIELD;
NOT A CHAIN STORE IN SIGHT.

THIS MONTH THE THEME IS
CLOTHING, CLOTH AND CURIOS.
HAVE A READ, THEN GO
TREAT YERSEN.

CHECK OUT

THE X SHOP.
SHARROWVALE ROAD.

&

THE WOOL BAA.
JUNCTION ROAD.

WELL WORTH A VISIT
AND A FEW PENNIES...

FEEL FREE TO LET US KNOW
ABOUT YOUR FAVOURITE
INDEPENDENT GEM SO WE CAN
SPREAD THE WORD.



THE X SHOP.

362 SHARROWVALE ROAD
HUNTERS BAR.

Selling an eclectic mixture of
vintage, retro, new, local and global
creations, the X shop is an ideal
place to feed your curiosity and
creativity.

With a push on locally produced
products, it stocks clothes, art,
jewellery, pottery, home decorations
and interesting gifts.

"My shop is about
coming in and having an
experience." Owner Jeanette
Cullen said.

"If I haven't got it I will usually point
people in the direction of where to
get it."

Jeanette also encourages trade:
"Sometimes people don't have
much money so people will often
work here to buy things."

Supporter of all things local,
Phlegm has just finished grafting
the side of the X Shop.

"My aim is to give something to
people that they are not going to
get anywhere else."

Jeanette makes much of the
jewellery, knitwear and face creams
herself, as well as selling other
people's products through
her shop.

"Over the years it has changed
round here. I hope people will keep
shopping locally. You don't want it
to be like America where you have
to drive to get anywhere."



THE WOOL BAA.

85 JUNCTION ROAD,
HUNTERS BAR.

There's not much to say about a
shop selling yarn, unless it's the
Wool Baa. This is not just wool,
buttons, patterns and knitting
equipment; this is a community.
The first thing you see is a tableful
of people chatting and making
jokes.

"They get to hear about other
people's lives and experiences, all
because of knitting. Where else can
you go that loads of people from
different backgrounds and age
groups sit and just get on?" owner
Jill Memmott said.

"It isn't just me and my wool; it's the
mixture of people that make it."

For those who can't knit, Jill runs
knitting, felting and crocheting
classes every couple of months.
But she is so passionate about her
hobby that she will teach you if you
just drop in.

It's humbling that everyone is so
friendly and eager to help. And
customers are emphatic with their
enthusiasm for Jill.

"I want to talk to my customers. I
want them to feel that this is their
place. And they do."

You wouldn't get this in John Lewis.

HELEN BARNETT.

TRADERS.

IN THIS SECTION WE'RE GONNA NAME A FEW SHEFFIELD FORMS OF FUN, FOOD, DRINK AND MUSIC; PRETTY MUCH WHATEVER SPRINGS TO MIND. THE AIM OF THIS IS TO GIVE CREDIT WHERE CREDITS DUE.

VISIT THESE PLACES, DO THESE THINGS AND GENERALLY ENSURE THAT YOU, HAVE AT LEAST THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPERIENCE A NOW THEN GOOD TIME. TELL US WHAT YOU THINK AT

**FAVOURITESFEEDBACK@
NOWTHENSHEFFIELD.COM**

**WE LIKE:
THINKING
CHOOSING
LAUGHING
MUSIC
ART
INDEPENDENT FOLK
PASSIONATE FOLK
GOOD CLEAN FOOD
VIVID EXPERIENCES
AND ANYTHING IN BETWEEN!**

KEEP US UPDATED.. IF YOU KNOW OF A GREAT SHEFFIELD EVENT, PLACE, OR EXPERIENCE TO BE HAD, TELL US AND WE'LL GO CHECK IT OUT OURSELVES.

EVERYONE'S A WINNER.

SHARROW FESTIVAL.

The amazing and wonderful Sharrow Festival happens this year on Saturday 12th July in Mount Pleasant Park off London/Abbeydale Rd, with Fringe Events happening between Saturday 5th July and 19th July in and around Sharrow. The festival, a free community event with a strong arts and music base, is organised by the voluntary Sharrow Festival Committee working together with local community groups, faith groups, youth groups and schools.

The Sharrow Festival has been running for 11 years. It was started by Sharrow Community Forum, the local neighbourhood forum which got going at the same time. If you know Sharrow you will be aware that it is a vibrant and diverse area. Its inhabitants include people from over 90 different cultures, a large number of students and a strong mix of artists, musicians, promoters, producers, community activists and other general free-thinkers and non-conformists.

The festival provides the perfect outlet for the community, literally bringing everyone together to enjoy themselves, creating a temporary world for one day where few of the usual rules and restrictions apply. As festival organisers we make every effort to put together an event which includes the many cultures, whether it be through the types of music on the two stages, the number of activities targeted at young people or the provision for under-fives. We also try hard to ensure no-one is excluded by the style of the event, which means for instance that we do not allow the sale of alcohol out of respect for the wishes of a large section of the local community.

As well as bonding together the people of Sharrow, the festival aims to promote the rich and talented diversity of Sharrow to the rest of the world by showcasing local artists, entertainers and musicians alongside talented performers from the wider world. This approach is not based on some ego-centric view that Sharrow is more special than anywhere else, rather that talent and creativity has its home in local communities and that the focus of the media and the so-called cultured classes is too often on the centre, obsessed with 'big' events and famous names. They see the fruits but not the roots. For us, community festivals - and there are a lot of good ones in Sheffield - are important stepping stones for performers in all media and at the same time they are important indicators of the quality of life in Sheffield and an inspiration to other potential event organisers.

Like most of the other community festivals, Sharrow Festival is run completely by volunteers from the local community. From its humble beginnings it has grown to become a real quality event, now attracting up to 5,000 people. The festival itself now has two main projects - the one day Festival in the Park and the two week long Sharrow Fringe Festival. The Festival in the Park is the one day event. It includes: workshops such as African drumming, street dance and creative costume making; activities provided by Sharrow Sure Start, Football Unites Racism Divides and other local and citywide organisations; global food; and two stages. The community stage presents performances by community groups and schools; the main music stage features local rap groups, indie bands, reggae musicians, African music from Zimbabwe and the Democratic Republic of Congo and Bhangra performances. This year we are really proud to feature as our headline act Tariq Khan, a Pakistani singer hailing from Manchester whose debut album, Sugar N Spice, sold over 40,000 copies worldwide and made him one of the most successful dynamic singers in the British Asian music industry. Alongside the stages we have the Hip Hop zone which features DJs, break dancers and a fantastic display of graf art with artists literally coming from all over the country to spend the day covering the walls of the all-weather sports pitch with

a breathtaking array of images and designs. The remaining spaces are filled with stalls selling all manner of crafts and bric-a-brac, organisations promoting a wide range of campaigns and causes, stilt walkers, jugglers, bouncy castles and, of course, the main ingredient, the people of Sharrow.

The Sharrow Fringe Festival is fairly new and is designed to further involve and entertain local residents through a variety of media including art, photography, film, poetry, story telling and music. The Fringe takes the form of exhibitions and workshops in shops, cafes, pubs, schools, churches, community centres, playgrounds and local estates.

So, that's the Sharrow Festival. If you want to get involved, contact Alan Deadman on 07903 949931 or al@jujuclub.co.uk. We are also looking for talented, motivated people to offer creative activities like street art, music, dance and performance or to facilitate workshops or display works. For further information on this, get in touch with Sarah Coleman on 07905 143 169 or email her on sarahsarahcoleman@hotmail.com. Even if you are too late for this year, we want you for Sharrow Festival 2009.

ALAN DEADMAN.

FAVOURITES.

PAGE THIRTYNINE.

THE SHARROW FESTIVAL.

DEVONSHIRE CAT.
DEVONSHIRE COURTYARD.
49 WELLINGTON ST.
S1 4HG.
0114 279 6700

There are so many different types of beer here that we at Now Then feel the need to visit on a regular basis. Just to keep up your understand.

The Devonshire Cat is to be found just down from Devonshire Green on Wellington St. Now there are not many pubs in the UK, let alone Sheffield, that can claim to have 6 of the 7 Trappist (made by Monks!) breweries on their pumps.

However the Dev Cat (as its more fondly known) not only serves a wide variety of great beer, but some great food as well. Their sandwiches, main meals and particularly their homemade beef burgers are pretty damn tasty, freshly prepared and reasonably priced.

Pay a visit and tell us what you think.

OLIVE BAR & RESTAURANT.
73-75 DIVISION STREET.
SHEFFIELD. S1 4GE.
0114 2214004

Olive can be found mid way along division street. If your tired of the usual trendy haunts and a bit peckish we recommend Olive Bar.

You'll be greeted with a distinct lack of pretension that is easily found elsewhere on the street. No scenesters, just great drinks, a friendly atmosphere and a menu that sports one of the great hidden gems of Sheffield.

Goats cheese and Pear with walnut salad. My humble vocabulary cannot come close to saying how good this dish is.

For less than a fiver it's a better treat than a night down the Wicker getting a 'massage'.

RECORD COLLECTOR.
233-235 FULWOOD ROAD.
BROOMHILL. S10 3BA.
0114 2668493

Record Collector shines out. An unexpected, but hugely appreciated haven for 1st year students and local residents in Broomhill. CD's can be cheap! And are cheap here. Never forget album artwork is worth having. Especially when you see that the shop in question is striving to make prices lower and present records how the artists intended.

Walking into Record Collector is like walking into a thick fog of musical love. Yes musical love. In a red wood alleyway. Lots of people love this place and treasure it. But, like all independent traders, it needs our attention and a few more of our coins. There is good music here, from beats to bands to just rare shit you've not heard.

So try remember the Led Zep album you've not got and go get yourself a proper record.

FREE PARTIES.
21 LATE NIGHT ST.
GREEN HILLS.
BEAUTIFUL PLACE.
SSSHH...

Not surprisingly the address of these is rather hard to pin down.

Ask around, check internet forums, ask bar staff, or live a nomadic existence in the Peaks. In reality though, just go to club nights involving underground dance music, find that guy whose chin dances as much as his feet and make friends.

Free parties are an amazing experience that we can't recommend highly enough. You don't have to take drugs, you just have to enjoy yourself and look after your own mess. The people who organise these events, love freedom, hills, fresh air, loud music and movements that some may call indulgent. If this sounds like a giggle, which it is, follow the above instructions and we'll see you there.

To boldly go...
many ravers...
before.

RAIN RESCUE.
WWW.RAINRESCUE.CO.UK
ADMIN@RAINRESCUE.CO.UK

This Sheffield based charity set up by two volunteers Jackie and Sue aids inundated animal rescue centres and stray dog centres in re-housing unwanted pets into caring foster homes. As well as helping pounds to re-home dogs the organisation raises money for vet fees and transportation. Rain Rescue works closely with Sheffield council's stray dog centre (behind the old RSPCA building) to find good homes for the many dogs that unfortunately end up there. This is a growing problem with more pets each year being abandoned and neglected.

If you want to make a donation or are interested in adopting a dog go to their website or send them an e-mail.

GOLDEN HARVEST.
127-129 DEVONSHIRE STREET.
S3 7SB.
0114 2491311

Located in the Forum Shops on Division St, Golden harvest has stood the test of time.

Smoking paraphernalia may not be everybody's cup of 'tea' but lets face it a large amount of people enjoy this innocent and often relaxing pass-time.

If tea is your bag; this is the place we'd recommend, with friendly staff and a large selection of all kinds of wacky saucers, papers and pipes. Remember to check out the Phlegm Comic artwork as well.

We particularly recommend a perusal of the calenders on offer. There's a rainforest out there.

FAVOURITES.

YOU'LL MISS ME
WHEN I'M GONE

St. Michael's Elementary
Main Entrance

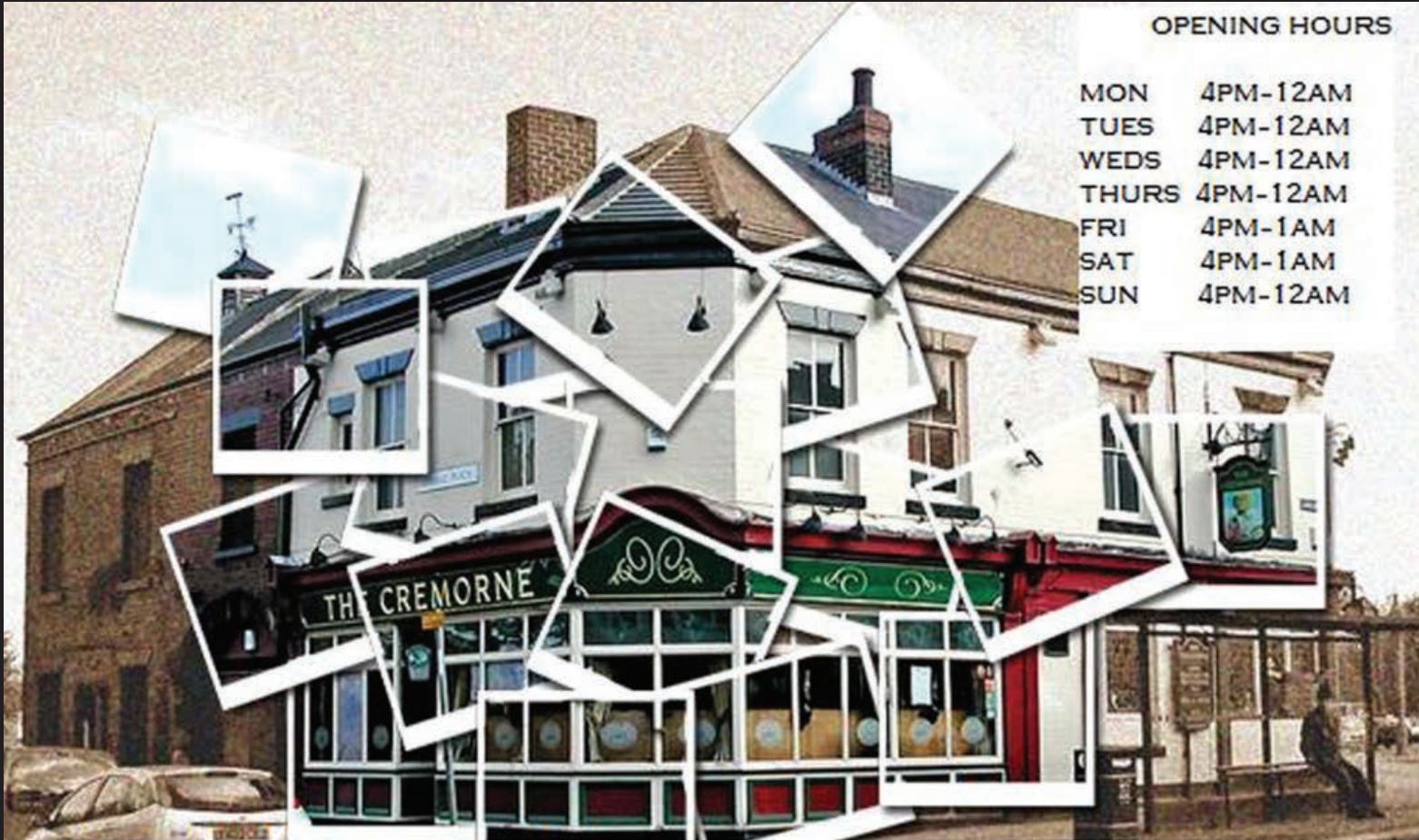
END.

PAGE FORTYONE.

YOU HEARD.

OPENING HOURS

MON	4PM-12AM
TUES	4PM-12AM
WEDS	4PM-12AM
THURS	4PM-12AM
FRI	4PM-1AM
SAT	4PM-1AM
SUN	4PM-12AM



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MAP.

1. DRAM.
2. HAYMAN.
3. THE COBDEN VIEW.
4. THE SHAKESPEARE.
5. THE RED HOUSE.
6. THE RED DEER.
7. THE GRAPES.
8. SUE CALLAGHAN
9. RARENRACY
10. GREEN ROOM.
11. ROCKY HORROR.
12. GOLDEN HARVEST.
13. THOU ART.

- 14.
- 15.
- 16.
- 17.
- 18.
- 19.
- 20.
- 21.
- 22.
- 23.
- 24.
- 25.

- PENELOPES.
- CORPORATION.
- DQ.
- DULO.
- THE CREMORNE.
- MOUNT PLEASANT PARK.
- THE OLD SWEET SHOP.
- SHARROWVALE LAUNDRETTE.
- PORTER BOOKS.
- MISH-MASH.
- RONEYS.
- THE NOTTINGHAM HOUSE.